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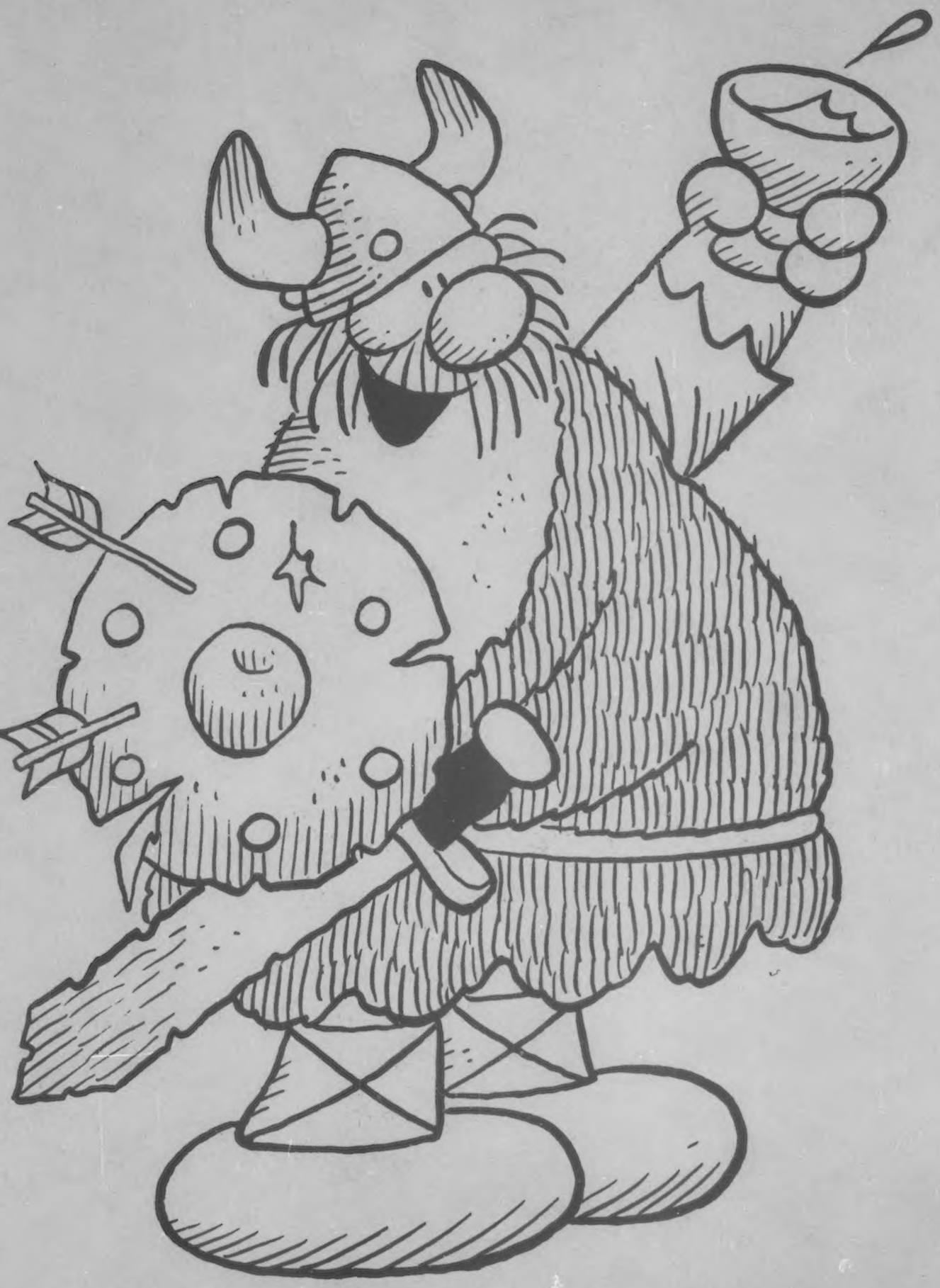

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No. 41, MARCH 1979

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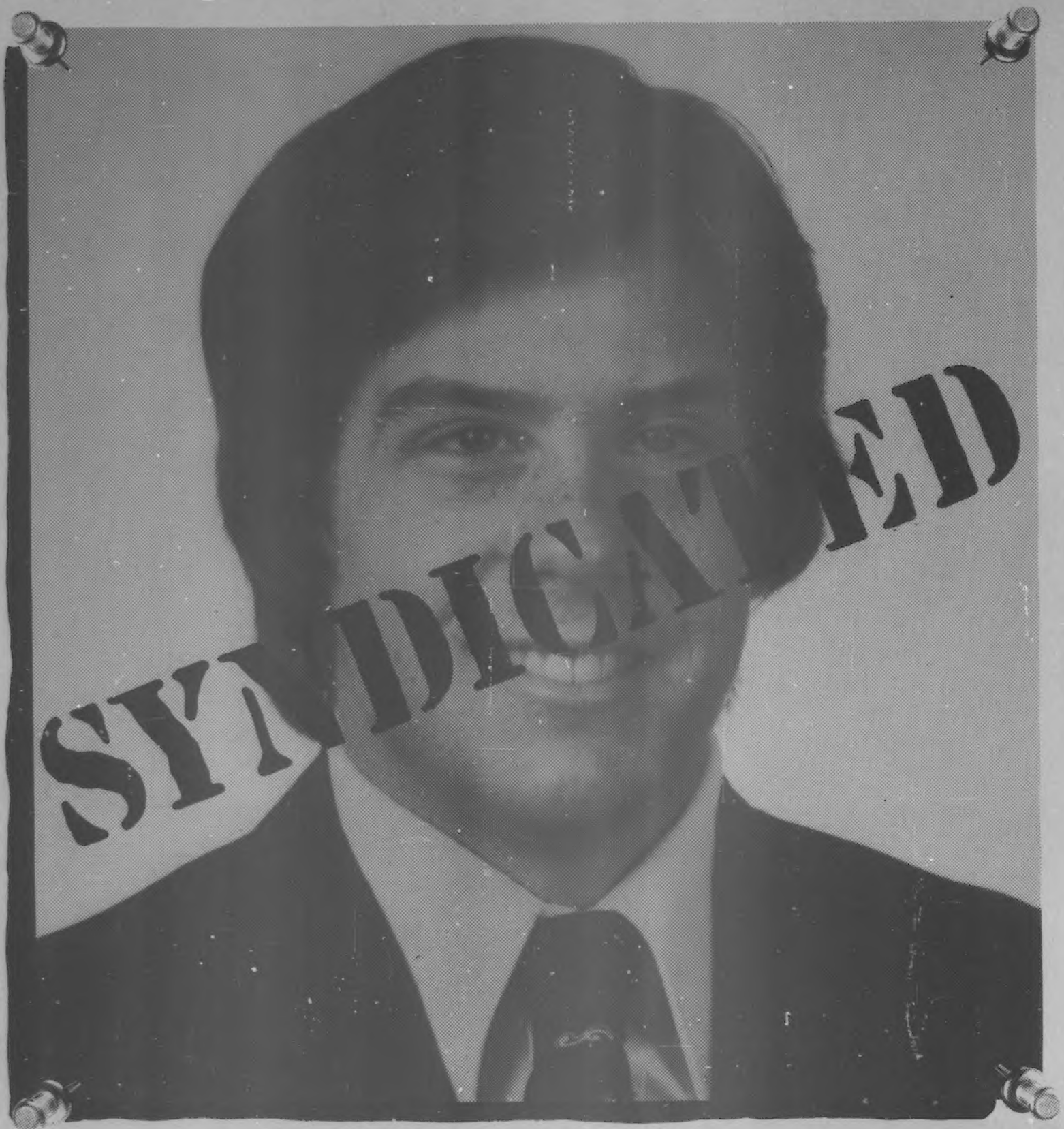

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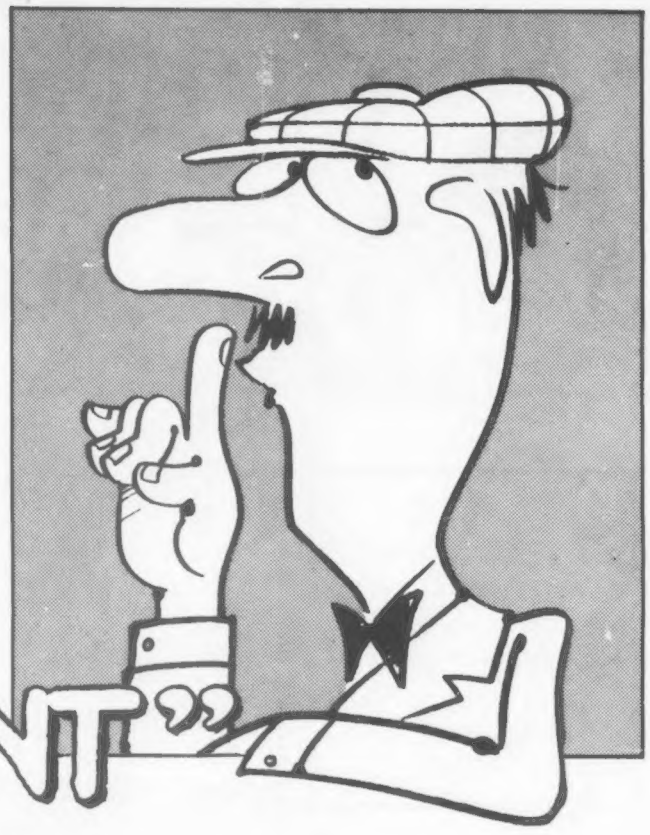

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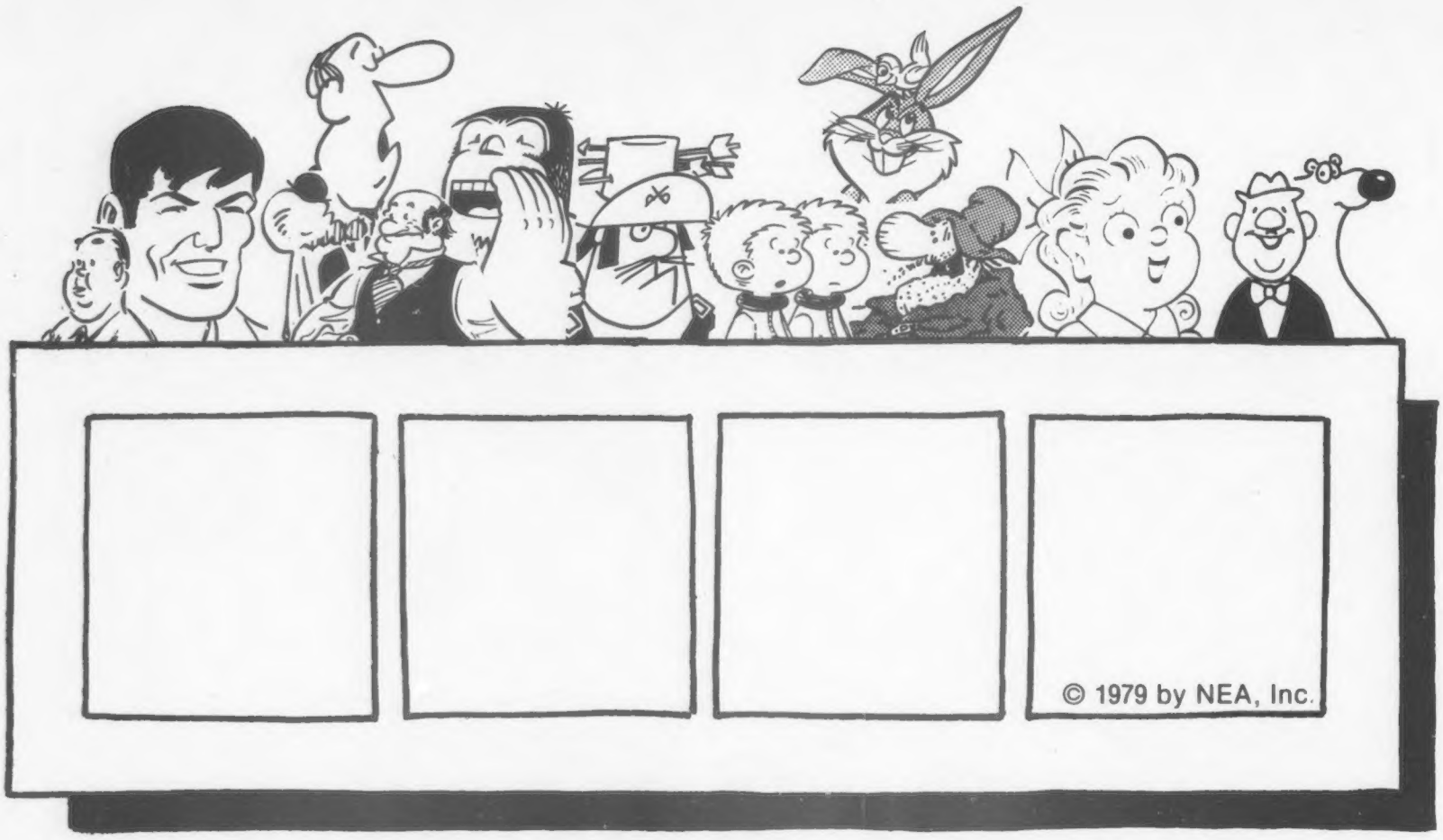

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Photos by Jim Ruth

March 1979, No.41

12 Dik Browne
Mort Walker converses with Dik Browne about Hagar.

28 Preston Blair
Famous animator discusses Animated Caricatures.

34 Jim Borgman
Recent graduate becomes editorial cartoonist for a major newspaper.

42 Vivian Greene
28-year-old Vivian Greene made a million in greeting cards & comic strips.

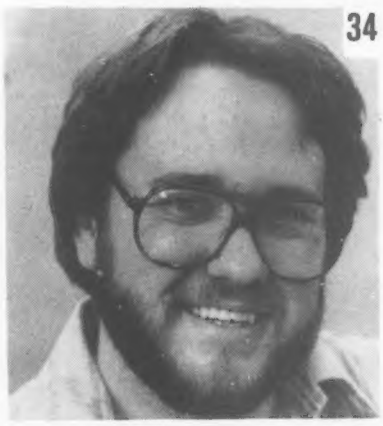
48 Museum of Cartoon Art
Recent activities at the Museum.

54 Bill Blackbeard
His column of Questions and Answers on Comic Strips.

56 Roy Crane & Les Turner
Political cartoonist Bob Zschiesche reminisces about these two friends.

60 Bil Keane
Another inane interview with the creator of 'The Family Circus'.

62 Jerry Dumas
The 'Sam & Silo' cartoonist tells how he saves valuable time in doing his cartoons.



70 I. Klein
Another column of nostalgic reminiscences about the early days of his cartoon career.

76 Grim Natwick
Famed animator writes another of his popular pieces and makes some interesting suggestions.

78 Jerry DeFuccio
Allan Jaffee and Jerry combine for an amusing picture of the American Association of Super Heroes National Convention.

80 Jack Markow
Jack talks about the Wednesday rounds of the magazine cartoonists in the fifties.

84 Larry Wright
How The Detroit News promoted Motley the Cat in Larry's 'Wright Angles' strip.

88 Ed Davis
Freelancing in the Middle East and other frightening tales.

92 David R. Smith
The chief archivist at Walt Disney Productions answers questions.

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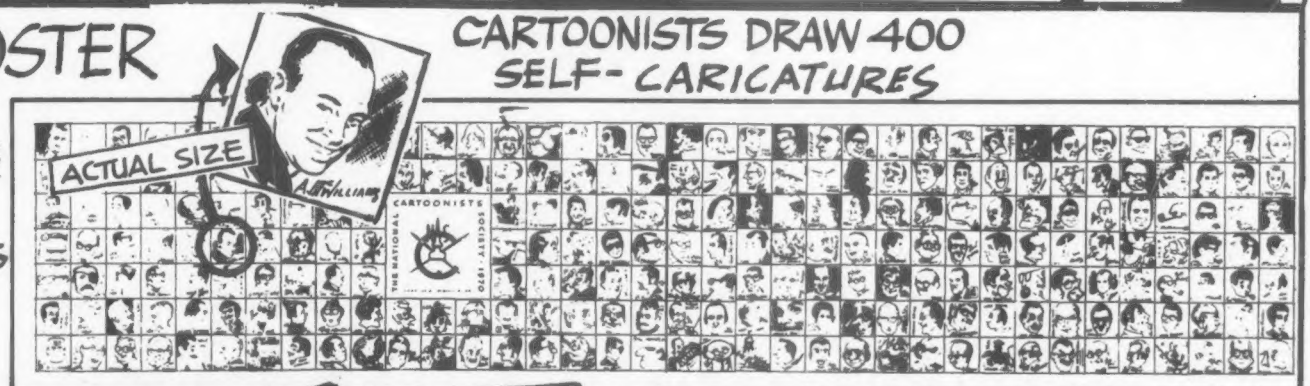

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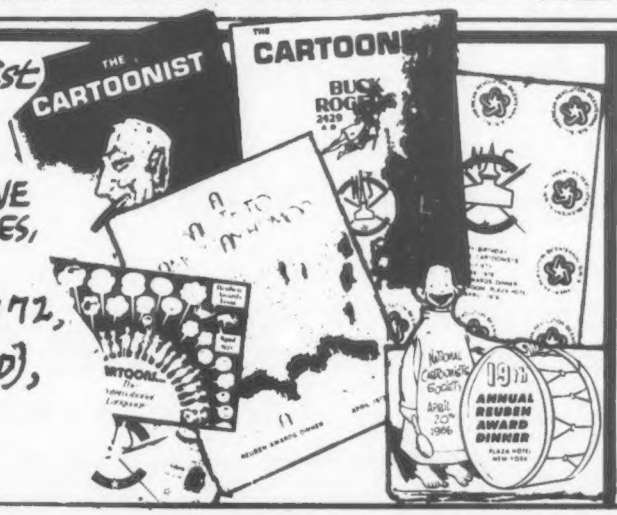

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MORT WALKER converses

Portraits of Mort & Dik by Stan Drake.

MORT WALKER

Mort: *You started Hagar only six years ago and already you are in over a thousand papers. To what do you attribute this phenomenal success?*

Dik: God only knows. It's an honest strip and it's handled by a good syndicate. But I think everything else beyond that is mystery. If I had the answer to that, I'd chop it up, package it and franchise the thing.

Mort: *There have been only four strips in the history of the business that have been bought by over a thousand papers. Do you see anything they have in common?*

Dik: Well, let's start by putting Hagar to one side. The remaining three: Blondie, Peanuts, Beetle Bailey, are all humorous strips. That's the first thing that strikes you. They're all superbly done. The male hero of each strip is somewhat less than normally competent. The women are apt to be a little more intelligent, a little stronger and this seems to appeal to the American view of the sexes for some reason or other.

Mort: *Men can relate to it anyway.*

Dik: Perhaps that's it. The women certainly demand it. The other thing that struck me about them is the title seems to run to a two-syllable pattern in most of them. Beetle, Blondie, Peanuts. There seems to be a two-part rhythm. They don't depend on jokes but on the interrelationship of the characters. They're warm, and they're easy to identify with. One more thing that I find interesting about these three strips. They were each created by one man working alone. And these three men all came from the Midwest and were remarkably young when they created these strips.

Mort: *Interesting observations.*

Dik: I'm not sure about Blondie but I wondered, too, whether they have this in common. Weren't they all slow starters? You know, nobody could have predicted the amazing success that they were to have in future years. It took them several years to get off the ground. Is that true also of Blondie?

Mort: *Blondie took about five years, I think. It began as a flapper comic strip, then they got married and then they had to have children.*

Dik: Alright. They took a couple of years. I'm sure that Peanuts took a little time to get off the ground. I'm not sure that that slow growth didn't somehow add a maturity to the strip, give the strip a chance to grow.

Mort: *On the job training anyway.*

Dik: I wonder, too, the origin of the creators, whether that might not have been a help. You know, coming from America's Heartland, maybe closer to the main stream thinking of the country. I don't know, but I thought it was interesting.

Mort: *Do you think that in each one of these that the artist has drawn himself? You know, you certainly have in Hagar. Do you think that Dagwood was like Chic Young?*

Dik: Well I think there must have been something there. I'm no theologian but I believe that only God can make something out of nothing. A cartoonist has to depend on himself. Wasn't it Jimmy Hatlo who used to draw with a mirror propped on his desk? Well, we all have invisible mirrors. Some of them are more conspicuous. I don't think anybody could doubt that Al Capp was Li'l Abner. And George McManus must have been Jiggs' double. I see things in *you,* certainly, in Hi and Lois, especially, in the writing of Hi and Lois. You say you're Lt. Fuzz, but I see your ideas

DIK BROWNE with

DIK BROWNE

Dik Browne was born in New York City in 1917. He attended Cooper Union and began work on the New York Journal *as a copy boy. He was a staff artist on* Newsweek, *served four years in the Army, and became an outstanding advertising artist with Johnstone and Cushing agency. In 1954 he joined forces with Mort Walker to produce a comic strip, "Hi and Lois." It now appears in around 850 papers. Together they also produced two children's books, "Most" and "Land of Lost Things," which have been translated and sold all over Europe and South Africa. Dik Browne served two years as president of the National Cartoonists Society and has won their award four times as the best humor strip cartoonist of the year and has twice won the Reuben award as the outstanding cartoonist in all categories. He has also won the Banshee Silver Lady, The Segar Award and many other honors. In 1973 he created his own strip "Hagar the Horrible" which has now been sold to over 1,000 papers. Dik has been married 37 years to Joan Kelly. They have three children and live in Wilton, Conn.*

coming out through all your characters.

Mort: *I'm a lot like Beetle Bailey but as I get older people tell me I'm like Gen. Halftrack.*

Dik: I didn't want to say it.

Mort: *Even though Hi and Lois has always been comfortably successful, I always thought you had another big strip in you. Why did you take nearly 20 years to do it?*

Dik: Well, you know, it's true that over the years you urged me many times to try a strip on my own.

Mort: *You're like a natural resource. I saw all this great stuff in you and you were wasting it. Not wasting it, but doing special drawings for friends, for instance, for fun instead of making money with it.*

Dik: Well, as you may have guessed after all these years, I'm not a naturally ambitious person. That's not a moral judgment, one way or the other. The world needs ambitious people. I think I'm easily contented, and that's not bad either.

The years I worked on HI and LOIS were far from wasted. They were good, happy years. About seven or eight years ago I began to run into eye trouble . . . that's the sort of thing that shakes up a cartoonist. I had to take stock. I had always made good money, but like most guys, I had a lot of obligations. I wasn't financially set up for a medical disaster, or retirement. I was 56 years old and the only thing I had ever done successfully was draw funny pictures. So, I did the natural thing. I decided to stake out a strip of my own. HAGAR was the first strip I tried, and I got lucky.

Mort: *In real life you are very loquacious and intellectual. Your strip is almost terse when it comes to words and most of the gags are very simple picture gags, that anyone can understand. How do you discipline yourself to do this?*

Dik: Well, as far as the simplicity of the thing goes, there is a misconception sometimes in this country that verbosity is wisdom and we both know that isn't true. As a matter of fact with the space shortage in the papers today I think that brevity is the better part of wisdom. As to the discipline, well, you just have to do it. You've been an editor and you know that editing-down is very important. It's the old wheeze about the guy

HAGAR
THE HORRIBLE
by DIK BROWNE
OH, DEAR... THIS LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE
GET KOYER...
KEEP OUT
I AM HAGAR THE HORRIBLE, TERROR OF THE NORTH AND SCOURGE OF EUROPE! SURRENDER OR ELSE! WHAT DO YOU SAY?
MY LAWYER WILL TALK FOR ME
Villain! I hereby Order you to Cease and Desist all Intrusions and Invasions on the person and property of my Client
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1978
And I Charge you with Trespass, in Armis, Battery au gratin and Badmouthing with Malaise before thought and further—
8-29 DIK BROWNE
I Demand Restitution, Damages, Whiplash and Justice! What say you?
HE'S EXPENSIVE — BUT HE'S GOOD — REAL GOOD!
GUILTY!
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who wrote he'd like to have written a shorter letter but he didn't have the time so he wrote a long one.

Mort: Well, I just wonder how you keep it from coming out of you.

Dik: Well, to begin with, I believe in simplicity. I think that good ideas are usually simple. Communication is the important thing in the business we're in. And so the simpler you can keep it the better. Now there's a personal reason for this, too. As you know, I have suffered eye damage and my vision is not as good as it used to be, and because of that I found that I had to give up reading some of my favorite strips. The lettering was so small. The figures were so small they were jammed in. So I thought if I'm going to do a strip, I'm going to do a strip that I can read and that I can see. And this meant eliminating a lot of non essential elements. I found myself bumping up balloons by putting blacks behind them so I could pick out the balloon faster. Using a heavier line in the drawing for the same reason. It defied reduction. I wanted something you could see on the head of a pin.

Mort: I wondered if you'd taken a lesson from Ernie Bushmiller. He's also personally a very intellectual man who has done some great comedy writing for movies and so forth and Nancy is a strip that is so different from him. He always says "Dumb it down, dumb it down, dumb it down". He doesn't want to put anything in there that everybody can't understand.

Dik: Well, I agree and admire Ernie completely. As a matter of fact, I'd be less than candid with you, if I said he wasn't a great influence on me. I'm very proud of that. I think what he's done is to appeal to the universal. I come from a family that was largely show business and one of the cliches I remember hearing when I was a kid was "You don't play to the boxes, see, you play to the balcony". One of my favorite songs is an old English musical song, that goes "The boy I love is up in the balcony". Well, the boys I love are up in the balcony. There are more of them up there, too.

Mort: Your drawing style is also very different from the style used in Hi and Lois.

Dik: I do think that the relationship between drawing and the idea is a very tight one. In the drawing technique of Hi and Lois, the line is clean and round, and that somehow suits a clean, round, tight, warm family. Fine. When you get to somebody as raunchy as Hagar I like the lines a lot cruder and bolder. Part of that drawing approach comes out of a book that we did together called "The Land of Lost Things". And in doing that book I did it the same size, no reduction. I found that you get a certain vigor in the line perhaps that is lost when you reduce the thing too much.

Mort: Smoothed out.

Dik: Smoothed out too much and maybe it gets a little plastic. I used to think that was good. But you know one of the things about our business is, there's always change and we both remember when every self respecting cartoonist did his work with a brush.

Mort: And cross hatching was out.

Dik: Oh, of course! We had to wait 30 years for Crumb to bring it back in. But,

you know, there are trends and fads and I think one of the things that happened in the last ten, twenty years, is that many cartoonists have come to realize that there is a certain attractiveness in a hand-done quality. An honesty. I think perhaps we can thank the underground cartoonists of the last ten years for some of it.

Mort: You are *Hagar in so many ways, your beard, and your "little boy" naivete, your girth. Did you design the character in this way or did it just sort of come out or evolve?*

Dik: There may be points of resemblance, but they're purely coincidental. HAGAR came about this way. I wanted a character that would be instantly identifiable . . . universally recognizable. I didn't want the reader wasting time figuring out who this character is. People are in a hurry these days. Well, a Viking with a horned helmet seemed to fit all those requirements. Better still, everybody likes a Viking . . . they can get away with the most atrocious behavior . . . just because they're Vikings. It seemed a nice change of pace from HI and LOIS. Hagar almost drew himself. Once you draw the horned hat you need a nose. I made a few false starts here . . . ended up with something between an orange and a grapefruit. The beard just naturally grew . . . and just as naturally, I made him fat . . . because thin just ain't funny! If I had anybody in mind when I was starting, it would have been Wallace Beery . . . maybe a bit of Zero Mostel. If you look at me closely, you'll see I bear a stronger resemblance to the late, great Ronald Colman.

Mort: Did your own beard come first?

Dik: Oh, yes . . . my own beard began in a rather modest way some years before Hagar's . . . It took years of patient care to bring it to its current splendor . . . Please not to touch.

Mort: I know your horns came later. I know you showed up with that hat that your son Bob made for you out of papier-mache at Dick Wingert's party. It was still wet.

Dik: I have an impoverished son as you know, Bob, who's always broke and who is very thoughtful. And because he's always broke he's like the French who became great cooks because they had nothing to eat, so he's always making fantastic presents and maybe the best present he ever made me was that Viking hat which I wear to bed now.

Mort: He also made you a golf hat with horns on it, too.

Dik: No that he just bought — but the thought was creative.

Mort: How important is a cartoonist's personality to his product?

Dik It's competely important. You know, you can only put into a cartoon what you yourself have. You may have the fanciest studio, you know, or you may have the finest working materials, but whatever value you have, walks on two legs every day, and gets a headache every night, it's you. That's all. You're your own liability, you're your own treasury, you're self-contained. The last self-contained asset in this country probably is the creative man, especially the cartoonist.

Mort: Do you think, let's say, that if a man

HÄGAR the Horrible — By Dik Browne

HÄGAR The Horrible

by DIK BROWNE

HOW COME YOU LIKE TO INVADE ENGLAND SO MUCH?
WELL, IT'S SUCH AN INTERESTING PLACE
ONE INTERESTING THING ABOUT ENGLAND IS THE WAY SEASONS CHANGE
THAT WAS SUMMER
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1978.
10-22

who had a lousy personality and was universally disliked could do a funny, appealing comic strip?

Dik: Not only could, but has. If you think I'm going to reel off a list of names you're crazy. But to misquote Will Rogers, "I never met a cartoonist I didn't like". I find cartoonists, especially of the big-foot variety, to be warm, somewhat childlike, a bit naive and having all those endearing qualities that I look for in people.

Mort: Maybe that's the reason they have achieved success as cartoonists.

Dik: I will give you Dr. Freud's address and you call him up.

Mort: Exactly what is a comic strip anyway?

Dik: It could just about be anything that will entertain the readers. On a comic strip page you'll see educational features, adventure, heart throb, very, very funny, very sophisticated, very simple, all with one purpose in mind; to entertain.

Mort: I'd like to think that this is my little space every day that I can do anything I want to do with. I can be funny, I can be satirical, I can make statements, I can even have a heart tug. You know, within humor sometimes you can do all this.

Dik: I talked to Milt Caniff the other day and he was saying that he felt like a stage producer who designed the scenery, wrote the play, created the cast . . . the only thing he doesn't do is sell pop corn. It's a wonderfully self-contained medium, isn't it?

Mort: Do you aim your work at any particular audience?

Dik: Yes, you know, without being a wise guy about it, I aim it at myself. I write to please myself, and I suppose to please my family because we are all involved in the thing.

Aside from financial reasons for starting the strip, I always dreamed of having a family business . . . a sort of 'cottage industry'. It's not an original idea, God knows. Every commuter in Connecticut has the same day dream . . . but, you see, the great thing is . . . it worked!

Chris is, of course, one hellava cartoonist. He's supplied some of the funniest

Illustrationsfrom 'Land of Lost Things', a Windmill Book (Division of E.P. Dutton), which Dik and Mort Walker produced.

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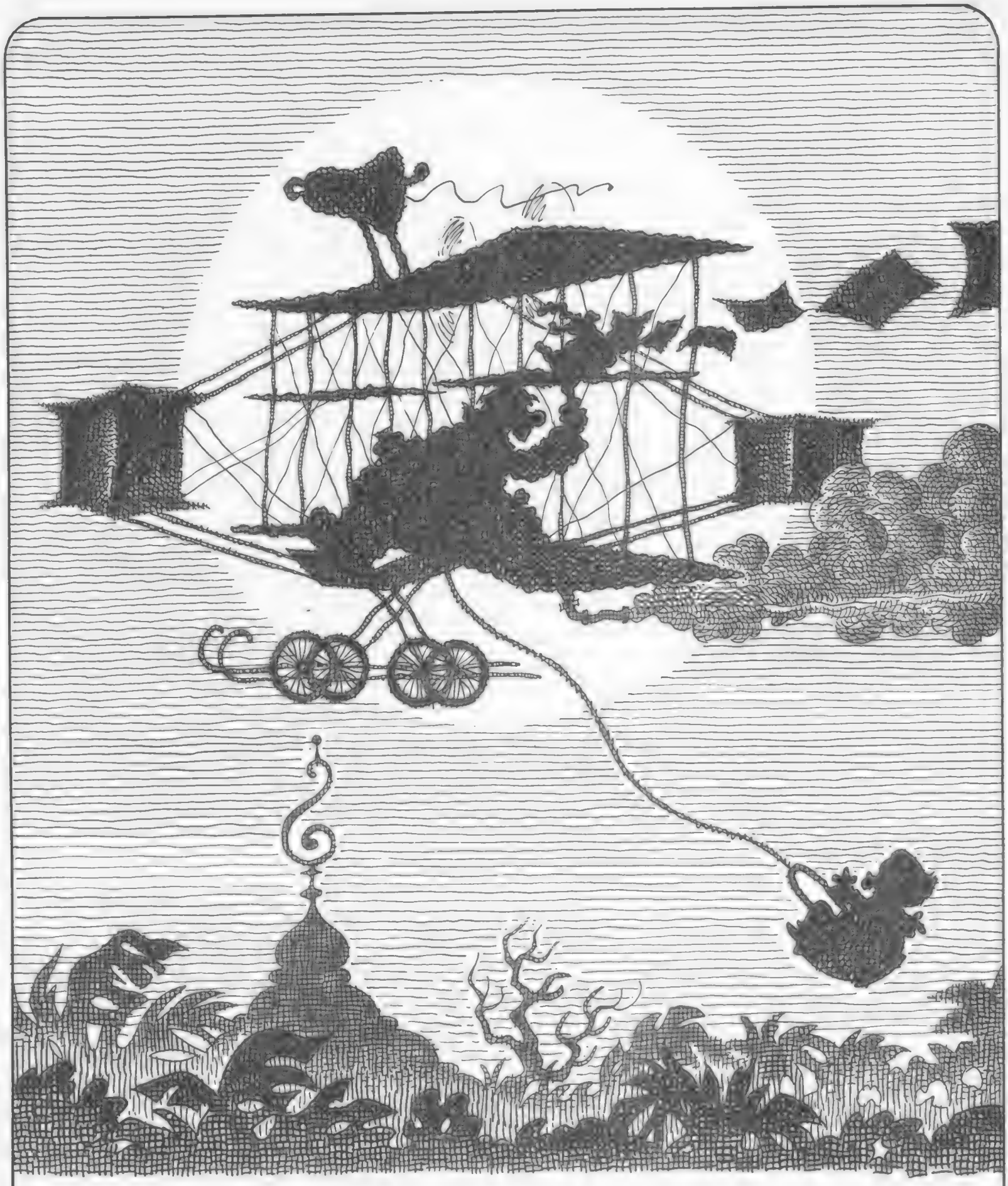

It was a happy Booney who flew back over Lonely Lake that night with Tad dangling in the basket beneath the plane. For the first time he realized how much he loved him.

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From "Land of Lost Things"

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DIK BROWNE, creator of the fabulously successful HAGAR THE HORRIBLE comic strip, was an illustrator before he became a cartoonist. Above is a drawing he did of his son, Bob, years ago, using the painting method of certain French impressionists — Pointillism. Bob didn't pose for his dad — Dik did the likeness from memory.

gags. He's drawn HI and LOIS from time to time . . . handles the pocket books completely. Bob, who plays beautiful country blues under the name of Chance Browne, is our resident designer. My wife, Joan, who always had more faith in me than I had in myself, runs the business side . . . keeps the books, answers the mail, cooks the food and supplies the witty one-liners. My daughter Sally is still in school at Georgetown, but she helps out with the filing and is a "go-fer" on vacations. It's great, because I think we're even closer as a family because of this business we have going. I rough up all the gags on tracing paper to finished size. Then the family rates the gags from 1 to infinity. Sometimes they'll give a gag a 1+ which means "very good — use this". I've gotten marks when I caught Joan in the wrong mood as high as 47, with the added note "Don't bother me". The marks keep my head straight.

Mort: But mostly you have to satisfy yourself?

Dik: Yes, in the polls I notice Hagar often scores well with the men, for instance. But the funny thing is, a good deal of my mail comes from women as well as children. The women write circuitously, and they will say I'm married to Hagar, or my father is Hagar.

Mort: So, you don't think you can direct your writing toward a particular audience?

Dik: I think it's deadly. You can't calculate a strip. If you started out to say I'm going to do a strip that will be for children under 10, sure as hell you'd get the geriatrics set.

Mort: I remember when we started HI and LOIS. I wanted to get away from the Henpecked Husband routine. We decided we would have HI look big and tough, we even gave him a broken nose, and it wasn't long before we fell right into the old trap.

Dik: And LOIS was a little on the dumb side, remember that? And very subserviant.

Mort: How has Hagar been received in foreign countries?

Dik: I'm delighted to say very, very well. I don't know how many languages he's in, but if you look at the books back here you see how many translations of Hagar books there are. Dozens. It is, of course, very popular in Norway, but it's popular in many countries. One of the nice things said to me by a French editor was that it translates very well, a Spanish editor said so, too. And I think that may go back to the business of fewer words and a simpler style.

Mort: And you do a lot of picture gags. It transcends all language barriers.

Dik: And I don't really like to demand a special knowledge of the reader.

Mort: Have you ever had any aspirations to be a "fine" artist, I say fine in quotes?

Dik: When I was very young, I thought I would like to be a sculptor. My father was in the stone business and I loved the limestone yards where they carved the statues for the buildings in New York and Washington. But it didn't work out. I came of age during the Depression and we had to trim our sails to the prevailing winds. Unless you were terribly gifted, it was not a good time for fine arts.

Mort: Your mother was in the theatre wasn't she?

Dik: Yes, she was. She was a wardrobe mistress on Broadway and I grew up around all that.

Mort: Used to hang out and see shows back stage?

Dik: I grew up back stage. I didn't know there was a front of the house! I didn't know there was an audience out there. I thought the actors were out there doing it for their own amusement.

Mort: That probably gave you some feeling for writing and what goes over with an audience, don't you think?

Dik: Possibly. Possibly. I think our parents create us, don't they?

Mort: Do you think cartooning is an art?

Dik: Oh, absolutely, I think one of the highest arts. The museum is so long overdue. To wait so long to find a sanctuary for the art. It's been a crime. I remember years ago being up in Columbia University, being told about the wonderful originals that were laying around gathering dust, crumbling, being lost. Irreplaceable originals. Truly an art form, and incidentally the comic strip is one of our few great American art forms.

Mort: I was talking to Harry Devlin on Sunday and he expressed the opinion that it is still looked down upon by galleries and artists. They still don't really appreciate illustration or cartoons. He thinks it may stem back to the days of England and France where you had to be a gentleman to be exhibited, to be a member of the Academy, and fine art was a gentleman's art, where as cartooning was an art of the masses, vulgar.

Dik: That may be, but if true, it's a sad commentary on galleries. I can't believe any sane artist would "look down" on cartooning. It would be like being

bigoted against India Ink. Any art should be judged solely on quality. Let's face it . . . a good cartoon is a better thing than a bad painting.

The days of the gentleman painter were short indeed . . . and not very productive. Manners have little to do with creativity. One of the few "gentlemen" to make it to the big time was Toulouse-Lautrec, and SURPRISE! SURPRISE! — he was a cartoonist.

Mort: Do you think what you do, do you think cartooning is hard work?

Dik: No, of course it isn't. You couldn't pay me, there isn't enough money in the world to make me quit and it's the same with you. You're going to drop dead one day over the India Ink, probably make a terrible mess on the floor.

*Mort:. I heard a story the other day. Ann Bancroft, who is married to Mel Brooks, came home from the studio after working and sweating all day long. He's in there doing his thing, and she threw herself down and she says, "Acting is such hard work." And he picked up a piece of blank paper from his desk and he says, "*This *is hard".*

Dik: Well, I'll tell you I've done both, and I think writing is certainly harder than drawing — a Big Foot Strip. I think that there is a tactile, almost sensual feeling about drawing, it's great, you know, you can really get into it and have fun. Writing, that's a different job.

Mort: Do you get white paper fever every now and then or buck fever, when you look at blank paper and can't get an idea?

Dik: Well, I think we all have, yes, I do, and I think we all have techniques. I've been through as many as anyone. You know the business of switching or looking up a book of quotes, reading the newspaper. My best is to go to bed. Go to bed with a pad and I put the lights as low as I can, and still be able to see the pad, and I let the brain go. Incidentally the best ideas I get are on waking up, I don't know if anybody else has this thing.

Mort: I get a lot of ideas when I wake up early in the morning about 4:00 when it's quiet.

Dik: Isn't that odd. And sometimes they just pop right into your head. They have been there and just suddenly been released. The 6:00 idea is the jewel. Now let me warn you, the 3:00 idea is a rattlesnake. Because, I checked this with my son Chris. We have both had the same experience, you wake up in the middle of the night and you write this gag down and you're laughing your head off, you say, God! I've written the funniest gag in the world and then you wake up the next morning, look at it, you giggle a little bit, but by that afternoon, you're looking at it and saying 'I don't understand what was so funny about that'!

Mort: You know one thing I often wondered in leaning back in my Barca-Lounge or lying on a couch . . . this is where I work on my ideas . . . I wonder whether or not just the physical thing of lying down and having the blood in your brain instead of in your feet helps you think of ideas.

Dik: I think it's terribly important to relax. I've gotten into a little mysticism or something. I draw a black dot on a white page and I just look at it and I try to almost put my brain to sleep, you know, half think about what I'm thinking about but not think about it. And my God it works, you know, it seems to break the logjam somewhere, as if you're focusing on something.

Mort: As long as the little black dot doesn't start crawling up the page, you're alright.

Was there any particular Hagar strip that brought an unusual response from your readers?

Dik: Yes, there was one. It's about a lawyer who was named after our mutual attorney, Coyer the lawyer. Well, lawyers all over the country, from Governor Connolly to Judge Sirica, saw this as one of the few positive gags ever written about a lawyer. So every time a kid graduates from law school it seems that his parents give him a copy of this thing.

Mort: Did you sell any copies of it?

Dik: Oh yeah, we sell the copy. What we do is we ask one to send $15.00 to the Milt Gross Fund, or to the museum, and it's surprising it's still going on to this day. We still get requests for it.

Mort: You did an update on it just recently, too, didn't you?

Dik: Yes, but as a matter of fact I don't think we received a single request for that one. I thought that was a funny gag.

Mort: I thought it was, too. Once again, as good as the first one, but as you said before, you can't manufacture it. If you direct your ideas in a certain way in appeal to lawyers, it probably won't.

Dik: You're absolutely right.

Mort: You've resisted using Hagar as a form for your social and political beliefs. Why?

Dik: It's not my cup of tea. I have no political axes and damn little wisdom to

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In Germany a contest was conducted in which readers were invited to submit words of their own for the balloons in this Sunday page.

spare. I sell giggles. My hat is off to those that can do it, but it's a chancy thing. More cartoonists have come a cropper by pushing a political slant than any other single thing. Was it Sam Goldwyn who said, "Messages are for Western Union"?

Mort: Yes.

Dik: Now, that's philosophy!

Incidentally, what happened to relevant? Do you remember? Relevant came right after the "new generation" and just before "viable".

Mort: Poor box office probably. I used to go to the movies when they were doing relevant stuff and I'd come out and I'd feel like I'd been to a lecture.

Dik. Well, unfortunately ideas are much like fashions. Yesterday's viable idea today looks pretty dumb.

Mort: Of course, I think that whenever you draw you're making some kind of a comment. I love Al Capp's statement. He says, "Every time you draw a dog, you're making a statement on dogs". I think that we're making statements on marriage, I'm making statements on the army, we're just not forcing it that's all. It sort of flows out. Life is relevant. Marriage is relevant. Work is relevant.

Dik: Relatives are relevant.

Mort: But not more than once a year.

Do you have a philosophy of humor?

Dik: Do I have a philosophy of humor? Philosophy is a heavy word, but I have some ideas, alright. Suppose we talk about comedy. Comedy may be an art, but it is not a science. It's a little hard to define and it's very hard to make rules about it. Rules that last, you know. People laugh at different things at different times. If you don't believe this just ask any standup comedian. The gag that killed them last night lays an egg today. There are some generalities that I buy. There is the difference between humor and wit. Though they sometimes blend and merge, they represent two distinct approaches to comedy. Now I've got to quote this for you, this comes from the dictionary: "Humor is that quality that appeals to the sense of the absurdly ludicrous". That's the dictionary, and I think it's legitimate. It's apt to be good natured and even compassionate. If I could pick one symbol for humor, it would be Charlie Chaplin's little tramp. That's the ultimate humorous character to me. Mark Twain had a quote on everything. Here's his on humor: "Everything human is pathetic; The secret source of humor is not joy but sorrow. There is no humor in heaven." Do you know why? Because there's no sorrow in heaven, so you don't need humor. Everybody just walks around saying 'hello, hello'.

Mort: But not laughing, just smiling.

Dik: Just smiling. It doesn't hurt that much. They don't have to laugh any more. Ok?

There's an old Irish saying, "What never made you laugh, will never make you cry". It's usually applied to children. Well, if you just turn that saying around, you may have the secret well of humor. Wit on the other hand is aggressive. It's

Hi and Lois®
by MORT WALKER and DIK BROWNE
I THINK I LIKE THE FALL BEST OF ALL!
WHY DO WE CALL THIS TIME OF YEAR THE FALL, DAD?
I GUESS IT'S BECAUSE THAT'S WHEN ALL THE LEAVES FALL...
I KNEW THAT!
WHAT MAKES EVERYTHING SO COLORFUL IN THE FALL, DAD?
THAT'S A VERY INTERESTING STORY, DITTO...
AW! EVERYONE KNOWS THAT!
DURING THE SUMMER, LEAVES MAKE FOOD FOR THE TREES FROM AIR AND SUNLIGHT
IN THE FALL THE FLOW OF LIQUID IS CUT OFF, SO THE TREE WON'T LOSE TOO MUCH WATER IN THE DRY WINTER WINDS
SUTTERS FARM
CIDER
APPLES
DIK BROWNE
WITHOUT WATER FROM THE ROOTS, THE GREEN CHLOROPHYLL IN THE LEAF DECOMPOSES RAPIDLY.
10·26
THEN YOU CAN SEE THE OTHER PIGMENTS, YELLOW AND ORANGE, AS THE LEAF DRIES AND FALLS OFF
I WAS GOING TO TELL THEM ABOUT JACK FROST AND HIS MAGIC PALETTE!
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Left: Chris, Dik and Bob. Below: Dik amid the laundry.

been defined, once again by the dictionary, as "The power to evoke laughter through remarks". You once said, and I thought it was very apt, "Wit needs a target". And it's very true. It does.

Mort: And a sharp point.

Dik: If I had to pick somebody, you know, to symbolize wit, as opposed to Charlie Chaplin, it would be Oscar Wilde. Now, everybody laughs, you know, I'm not saying it isn't funny, of course it is, it's a legitimate form of comedy, see. But you're picking on somebody. You know, you got to zing em with this thing, that's what wit's all about.

Mort: Ok. So, love is mixed in with humor then?

Dik: Oh, absolutely. And then another thing is that wit is by its very nature, verbal. Not visual. It's verbal. It's a remark that you make. And because of translation difficulties, I think it's less universal than humor. In cartooning, when wit is used in cartooning, it depends less on drawings than humor does. You remember the old magazines where they would have the witty sayings underneath the drawings? As a matter of fact some witty magazines still do it. The relationship between the drawing and the witty remark is very slight. Matter of fact you could use the same man and woman every week just putting new witty remarks underneath.

Harry Hershfield was one of our wittiest brains. Now I'm not sure about this, but I'm pretty sure, he became a full time writer when he decided he could use the space better by filling it with words instead of drawings. The cartoons weren't doing anything. It was the words that were important.

Mort: My mentor, John Bailey, cartoon editor of the Saturday Evening Post, used to say, "If you can cover up the drawing and get a laugh out of the punch line, you don't need the cartoon".

Dik: I think that's a perfect example. There's one more thing about humor. There seems to be a relationship between humor and drawing that's natural. In the leading strips it's all of one piece. The drawing is part of the writing, the writing is part of the drawing. We are not going to go into the subdivisions, satire . . . all the rest of that, you can spend a lifetime. I'm almost embarrassed going over humor this analytically. It's almost like performing an autopsy on a girl you love.

Mort: I usually go around quoting Leo Rosten who said, "Humor is the affectionate insight into the affairs of man".

Dik: Well, I agree and I appreciate that quote and I think Leo Rosten probably knows more about humor than anybody in America — present company excepted.

Mort: As long as we're quoting, this has nothing to do with the conversation, but it's just to show off a little bit. One of my favorite quotes from Mark Twain, is, "He had a peanut for lunch, therefore you could not say that he was full of drink without seriously transcending the truth". If you analyze that a little bit, there's sympathy in it.

Dik: There is. Well, you know, you're right. Because there's compassion in it, isn't there?

Mort: If you were the feature editor of a newspaper and could choose 15 strips for your comic page, what would they be? You can leave ours out if you want.

Dik: You damn well better leave ours out.

Mort: Pick 15 other ones.

Dik: Well, I'll give you that list but first I must take leave of my senses.

Mort: I always thought it would be fun.

Dik: Do you? Do you, really? Ok, Mort. I have a dentist who doesn't give novacaine. You'd probably find him hilarious. Leave one name out and you're dead. The surest way to get on an enemy list is to make a list. But I will say this, I would like to see a better balance of straight strips and comic strips. Not just for the straight strips, but for the healthful comic section as a whole. I think they are such an important element. Even to the point where I'd like to see them get a little more space than they have. I think it's difficult for them to do the job that they do so beautifully in the same space that a Bigfoot strip has. I think it's logical and I may be a traitor, but I think it's logical for the health of the business as a whole if they get a bit more space.

Mort: Jules Feiffer made a very impassioned plea at a Comics Council Meeting. He just reminded all the editors and the cartoonists there that graphics have become such a tremendously important part of some of the more successful magazines and publications today, such as big books, coffee table books, New York Magazine, Esquire Magazine, magazines that really employ graphics. And here the newspapers who have the opportunity to use their graphics in a better way are minimizing them, reducing them to a size which people over 50 can't even read any more.

You wouldn't even care to mention maybe some of your favorite strips?

Dik: Well, I'd rather not because if you leave one out you've lost a friend. I love them all. If you'd like I could tell you the strips that influenced me, or that I grew up admiring. Yeah. I don't mind that, because they're such a mixed bag. One of them is Ed Wheelan . . . "Minute Movies". Oh, God, I loved his "Minute Movies". Nell Brinkley was a heck of a pen woman and I loved her drawing. The original strip that knocked me flat was Milt Caniff's "Terry and the Pirates". It was a sunburst the first time I saw a Sunday page by him.

Mort: My heart used to pound even when I'd see his signature, I didn't know there was such glamour . . .

Dik: You're right. Impact. Russell Patterson in another way. Tom Henderson — fantastically funny. Two of my favorites were more famous as illustrators, Covarubias, whose work I still love, and think that he's not ap-

HÄGAR the Horrible — By Dik Browne

I HAVE A PRESENT FOR YOU
FOR ME?
YOU DARLING!
HOW DID YOU KNOW I WANTED A TOASTER?
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DIK BROWNE '78 B-24

preciated as much as he should be. Great cartoonist. And Boris Artzybasheff. I always appreciated his cartoons more than anything else he did. But those were just some, there were many more.

Mort: Just briefly tell me a little bit about your working schedule, what kind of a day you put in, what kind of a week.

Dik: Well, I get up about 7:00 and I'm usually down at work about 8:00. I'll hit the Barca-Lounge in late afternoon. And I'll doze off for an hour. I find that somehow when I'm not playing golf or looking at television, most of my time is spent drawing or writing or thinking these days.

Mort: Do you have a particular day to do your writing or do you just do it anytime?

Dik: No, I like to get started with the writing on Monday. Monday's my day for sending work in, getting started on the writing, getting the week off good.

Mort: How many ideas do you try to write in a day, for instance?

Dik: Oh, I try to write a hundred.

Mort: How many do *you write?*

Dik: I probably write 30 gags a week. I probably draw up something like 18 to 20. I select six dailies and a Sunday that the family gave good marks. I try to balance my gags . . . a picture gag . . . some including Helga and Luckie Eddie, etc. When I've got my batch ready, I (or Chris or Bob) light-box it on strathmore with pencil, and it's ready to finish. Sometimes I skip this step and ink right on the light-box.

Dick Hodgins, Jr., a neighbor and buddy whose lettering I admire almost as much as his fantastic art work, is kind enough to letter HAGAR for me. He also does a lot of art work on our European books.

HI and LOIS is handled much the same way, except that talented Frank Johnson does the basic inking on the strip . . . I finish it and send it to New York, where Fred Schwartz letters it.

Mort: What have you learned about yourself in the last six years?

Dik: Well . . . like most people, that I'm capable of more work than I thought. I used to manage to fill up a week just drawing HI and LOIS . . . now a regular flood of strips, books and God only knows what moves through the cellar every week.

Mort: With your tremendous success have there been any differences in your life?

Dik: Of course — I've got an edge of financial security and that's a real good feeling. There's more work, of course, but that's a pleasure — and of course, I get a kick out of the publicity. This week has been a gasser. HAGAR made People Magazine, we got a call from the Mayor of Milwaukee and to top it off, HAGAR made the N.Y. Times Sunday crossword puzzle.

VIVE LA DIFFERENCE! ●

TELL THAT FRENCH BARTENDER WE WANT DRINKS ON THE HOUSE!
NOUS DESIRONS VIN SUR LA MAISON
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1978 World rights reserved.
IT'S HARD TO TRANSLATE
50 CENTIMES...
10-20 DIK BROWNE

ANIMATION

by PRESTON BLAIR

Photo of Preston Blair as a cartoon director at MGM, circa 1949, at the time his well-known handbook, "Animation" was published by Walter Foster in the first of many editions that amount to well over a million copies distributed world wide.

The following is the first of a series of interviews with the animator, and fine artist, Preston Blair, at his home in Westport, Connecticut. Many of the subjects to be discussed are from his new second book, "How to Animate Film Cartoons", which will be a companion handbook to his famous "Advanced Animation", first published by Walter T. Foster in 1949. "Advanced Animation" was reissued several years ago with some color pages added, and the book has always been a bible for those anxious to learn about animation. Along with Blair's comments, we're reproducing some of his caricature models for a projected TV animated series featuring the voices of Jackie Gleason and Art Carney as the 'Honeymooners' and in other well-known roles. The subject of animated caricatures, which he discusses here, will not be included in his new book, so this article can be considered as a supplement.

Q: Are these drawings model sheets for a cartoon series?

A: Yes, I made these to show to the networks for a proposed animated "Honeymooners" series. Because of legal complications with the original live-action series and its reruns, the project was not developed. Too bad, I think it would be a fun series . . . and not hurt the live-action a bit. So, networks . . . just phone me . . .

At first I thought this kind of an animated imitation of a celebrity and a live-action program was about the worst thing that could happen to the art of animation?

It's turned out that way in some cases . . . true. But, the animated caricature art form is far from trite; there are great and exciting potentials for this obscure branch of animation.

Q: You are referring to the animated political cartoon?

A: I'm talking about an animated caricature series . . . not a single cartoon scene as in newspapers. I see the real potential as an animated drama, skit, of about the same length and structure of a full 16-to-20 picture Sunday comic strip . . . that would appear every night in prime-time TV news.

Q: Sounds interesting . . . in fact . . . I can hardly wait to see the fantastic shenanigans of the great Jimmie and supporting cast.

A: Jimmie and cast would be drawn in this simple cartoon strip and basic animated cartoon style. Political cartoons can range into great displays of complicated draftsmanship and really great art. I'm not saying simple cartoons cannot be art. I visualize the most effective form as simple comic strip type like these drawings of Jackie and Art.

Q: And, of course, Jimmie would have a little cricket character as his conscience that would pop out his pocket and whisper advice in his ear?

A: No, this character role would be a little animated peanut that would be

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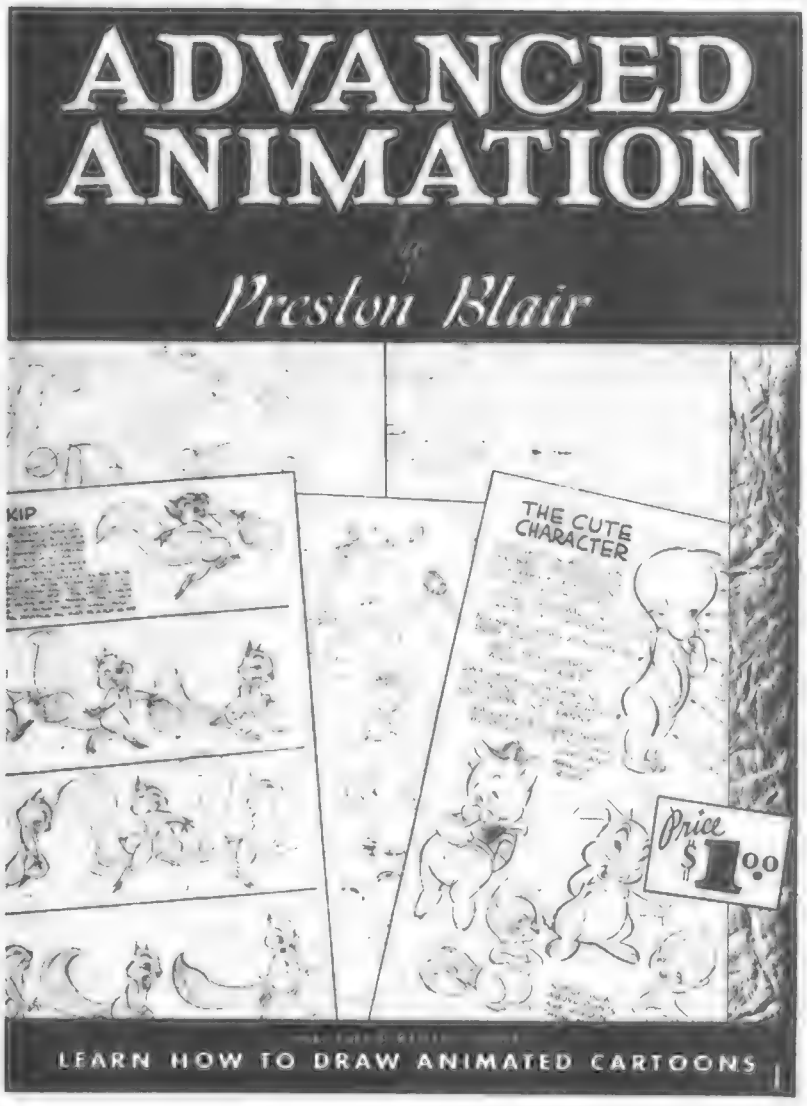
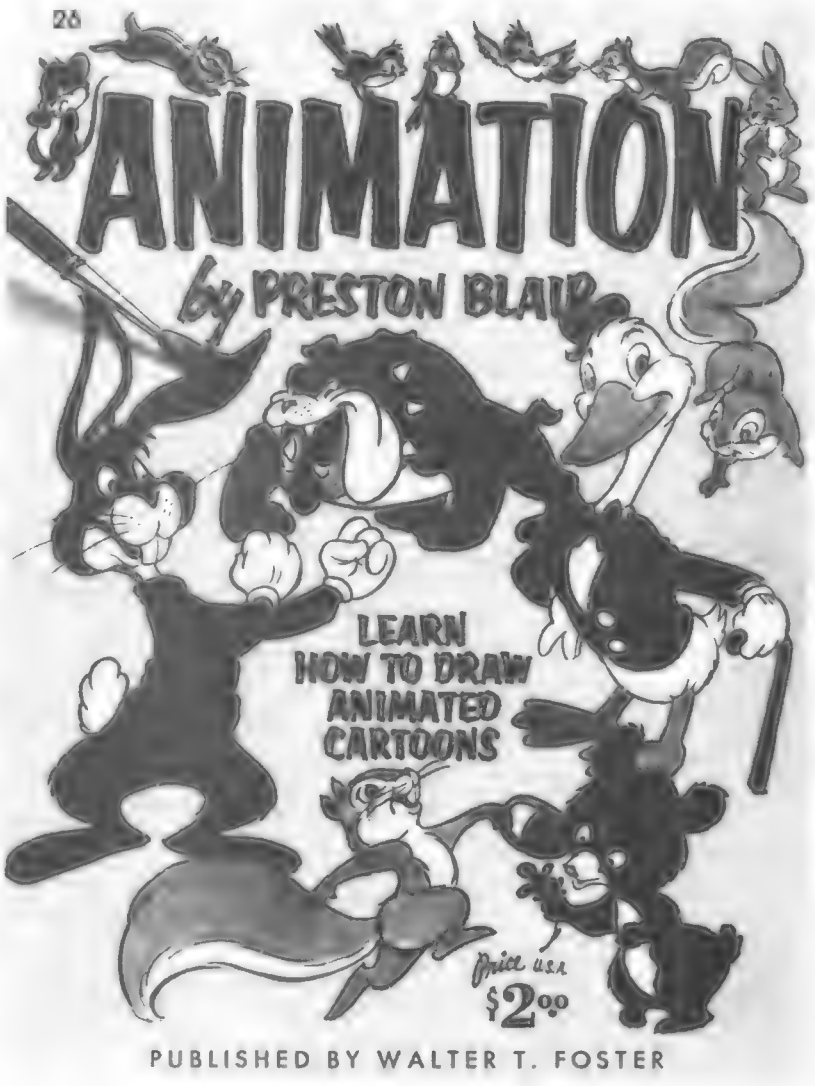


Preston Blair's original animation book.



This new version, published several years ago, contains some color pages.

up his sleeve" . . . or in his "hip pocket". Should he have wings? Not if his name is "Billie".

The fellow would be far from sanctimonius. The little guy would even get a bit "tippy" from time to time as the result of a swim in a glass of beer. Do you know who the fearful giant in the castle would look like? George Meany. Jimmie would have his problems caricatured . . . "in spades".

Q: Isn't this a very very expensive production project?

A: It would have to be done right . . . or the net result would not be worth the powder to blow it up with. It would require good writing. The potential for argument dialogue is truly fantastic. In days past great political cartoons have affected elections, changed the fortunes of newspapers, and interested millions. I see the animated political cartoon on prime time TV as a resurrection of this great art. And . . . it's inevitable.

Q: The great Walt Kelly used to have caricatures of political figures in the "Pogo" strip from time to time, didn't he?

A: Yes, in fact I visualize Jimmie and Billie, the peanut . . . and the Meany Giant as secondary characters from a pure plot-structure standpoint. There is also the very real situation that these drawings of Jackie and Art, Jimmie, Giant Meany, etc. etc. are very mortal indeed . . . and like all of us, their days are numbered. I see the main characters as an earthy family like some characters I've drawn in my new book.

Q: Why don't you tell our readers how you go about drawing these caricatures?

A: It is simply, keep drawing until you almost accidentally discover in a drawing or scribble, a form that reminds you of the person you are caricaturing . . . that approaches a mental image of the person you have. This is quite different from looking at a photo and making a distorted portrait. You are after an image that is in the public's eye.

You know this image in your mind. Keep drawing until you see inklings of it in your drawings . . . and refine until you have the pure essence. This can be very tough. These drawings of Jackie and Art are very deceptive. I have to be honest with you: knocking out hundreds of drawings of the characters on these pages, like we animators do in a freedom almost like handwriting, is a job for an animator that is really worth his salt. It is not easy. A wrong line . . . ever so little off course can be ruinous and fatal to the caricature.

There is also another requirement here. These caricatures have to conform to a certain cartoon "style" . . . or comic strip or animated cartoon formula. They have to fit the cartoon style of the other characters in the series. These drawings

© *Preston Blair Productions*

of Jackie and Art are in the style of the Hanna-Barbera "Flintstones". They could fit into any Flintstone episode. I made an episode, P.38, of the "Flintstones" for Bill Hanna here in Westport. Many other strips and animated cartoons use the same or very similar formulas.

They say what you leave out of a drawing is just as important as what you put into it. In animated caricature it's twice as important.

I don't want to give you the impression that I disapprove of looking at the original . . . or a photo when you make a caricature. Far from it . . . I think it is fine to do that. But remember you are faced with all kinds of pitfalls in what you see in the photo . . . that may lead you astray . . . into stupid details or uncharacteristic forms . . . forms that apply only from a certain perspective or unique lighting. There is an essence to every personality that you are after. Now, this essence in cartoons may be better expressed in certain abstract forms especially for the eyes . . . and facial lines that look nothing like the photo. Hirshfeld is an expert in abstract facial shapes and formula. I venture that he came by this skill and knowledge after thousands of trial sketches . . . and caricatures. This is not unique, it applies to all art. The following tale about an oriental artist, many years ago, illustrates what I am talking about:

Once upon a time there was an Emperor in Asia who had a beautiful horse he was fond of. He commissioned a famous artist of the day to make a line drawing of the horse. The artist took the horse and studied his lines and action for many months, and then went to his studio to draw. After a year the Emperor grew impatient for the drawing and received the news that the drawing would be ready that very day. But, when the Emperor went to the artist's studio he was told to wait a moment for the artist to finish his work. Then, the artist retired to his drawing board, and in a few minutes appeared again before the Emperor with a tremendous drawing that caricatured in fluid line the very essence of the character of the animal.

"As every brush line in this great drawing is still wet . . ." said the Emperor, "it is obvious that you have started and completed this drawing in the last few minutes! . . . Why have you kept my horse for a full year . . . and taken so long to get at this drawing?"

The artist but bowed his head toward his working studio and beckoned the Emperor to follow . . . therein on all the walls were thousands of beautiful drawings of the horse . . . but all lacking the character of the horse in the final drawing . . .

The moral is: caricaturing is tough, and it can become an obsession before you get what you want . . . you may just see the final drawing in a dream at night . . . and have to rush immediately to the drawing board in order to capture the image. ●

© *Preston Blair Productions*

Enquirer photo by Terry Armor

This is a different story about JIM BORGMAN, who graduated from college in 1976, and is now the editorial cartoonist for a major newspaper, The Cincinnati Enquirer. He talks about some of the problems he has had in settling into this important job at a young age.

This conversation resulted when we had the pleasure recently of meeting Jim and his wife, Lynn, in New York City. They were in town in connection with the Newsweek "Cartoon-A-Torial" project involving animation for TV newsprograms of Jim's (and others') editorial cartoons.

Hurd: How did you happen to get your job as Editorial Cartoonist on the Cincinnati Enquirer?

Borgman: I'm from Cincinnati, was attending Kenyon College in Ohio, and in my junior year a friend of mine asked me if I would do some caricatures for a series of articles he was doing for our college paper. They were of a political nature and had to do with a lot of nineteenth century politicians. I had always doodled in school notebooks—that's about as far as my drawings had gone — but I was very happy to try and do these caricatures. I wrote to David Levine at the time, asked for some pointers, and got a very nice letter from him. Needless to say, my caricatures were very much in the Levine style. The following year the same friend asked if I would do one political cartoon a week for the paper. I hadn't been interested in the political realm, or even world affairs, I'm ashamed to say, and I told him as much. I did have an interest in literature, was a good student, and at that point I started looking at political cartoonists' work. I was an art major, and liked the *drawings*, but I decided that I had better learn something about *politics* if I was going to draw editorial cartoons.

I happened to be paging through a Pat Oliphant book, looking for characters, trying to learn styles and things like that, so the first political cartoon I tried was very much influenced by Oliphant. I guess by Christmas 1975, during my senior year at Kenyon, I had done about 15 political cartoons in my life. Coming home to Cincinnati for Christmas, I very naively walked into the Enquirer office and asked if they needed a political cartoonist.

As it happened, through blind luck, it turned out that I was precisely in the right place at the right time. L.D. Warren had retired about three years earlier, Dwane Powell had moved on to

Raleigh, and the Enquirer was passively searching for a cartoonist. They were using the syndicated cartoons of MacNelly and Hesse and weren't impatiently looking for anyone. Then I walked in, a hometown boy with some feel for the intellectual climate in the city, and was young. I think they wanted someone who could potentially be with them a long time and they were willing to let me grope a while. They knew I wasn't mature politically or artistically and were willing to put up with that for a time. They hired me on the basis of the twelve to fifteen cartoons I'd done and I began work a week after graduation in June of 1976.

Hurd: Did the Enquirer tell you what they expected of you in the way of cartoon subjects?

Borgman: The paper had the philosophy that a cartoonist, when he came to work at the Enquirer, would simply accept wholeheartedly the paper's editorial policy and would do cartoons along this line. They, I think, weren't very aware of the cartoonist's sense of integrity to himself, and of his desire to express his own opinions. They thought that, like an editorial writer who can write either side of any issue, the cartoonist would be happy to take up their crusades.

There hadn't been any problem in the case of the Enquirer's popular and longtime editorial cartoonist, L.D. Warren. No one saw his ideas or cartoons until they were finished, and since he naturally felt very close to the paper's editorial policy, there never was a problem there.

But by the time I came along, the Enquirer had become very cautious about the next cartoonist who might be hired. After L.D., Dwane Powell had come to the paper from San Antonio, I think, where he had been doing *liberal* cartoons. For some reason the Enquirer assumed that when he came to work for them, he would start doing *conservative* cartoons. Dwane had a tough time of it and, as I mentioned earlier, he left the paper for Raleigh. So the Enquirer wanted to make sure that, with the next guy who came along, there would be no misconception about his role — he would fit in with their editorial policy.

It was simply unfortunate communication. The Enquirer had not hired a cartoonist in thirty to thirty-five years,

Borgman editorial page cartoon

they simply did not think of some of the questions that they should have asked Dwane and he simply assumed that a newspaper would know that he was his own man. Anyway this is the point at which I come in and the Enquirer has just had this bad experience. They are going to keep a fairly tight leash on me. Well, I am right out of college, I am awed and I am honored to be at a newspaper at all and for the first six months to a year, until I got on my feet and until I realized that this wasn't the way it was supposed to be, I was doing cartoons which I didn't believe in. I was taking ideas directly from my editor at times, all done with the best intentions. He is a very good guy, but the fact is he didn't see any reason why I just wouldn't do it his way. It was a very trying time because I didn't believe in some of the things the editorial policy did believe in and I was doing cartoons on them nonetheless, signing my name to them, and I felt very badly about it. Finally, as I got more on my feet and they realized I wasn't an anarchist or ready to overthrow civilization, they began to trust me a little bit more and I began to inch away on very good terms. I just began to evolve and be a little bit more independent and now we have gotten to the point where it is a very good relationship.

I think I am somewhat easy going and I am not interested in pushing the newspaper to put radically contradictory statements on their editorial page. That is I don't expect them to run one editorial saying one thing and a cartoon of mine next to it saying something else. I can appreciate the purpose of an editorial page. On the other hand, I think I was a little closer to all that policy than I needed to be. Now I do five weekday cartoons for the editorial page and on Sunday I am on the front of the section called 'Commentary.' On that commentary page editorial policy does not reign, so I am free to do whatever I may not have been able to do on the editorial page, which I find is a very good solution to it all. We just came up with this very recently and since I don't have too many problems with the Enquirer in general, I think I fit in okay there: One outlet per week is enough for me.

Until I got this Commentary page opportunity, I simply would not draw anything at all on issues on which I disagreed with the Enquirer, and of course that wasn't a happy solution. Sometimes an obviously newsworthy event would go by and I would not make a comment on it. The paper agreed not to push me to do things that I couldn't in conscience sign my name to. I wish you'd make it perfectly

A Borgman cartoon which appeared on the 'Commentary' page which he referred to in his conversation.

clear to your readers that this hasn't been an adversary relationship between myself and the Enquirer at all. The people I work with on a personal level couldn't be better. All I've been trying to say is that I've had questions of conscience, but that people have been relatively understanding, and that because I like working there, and because they value my presence there, we were able to find a solution to these problems.

I'd like to say a word or two about L.D. Warren with whom I have a very good relationship. During the time just before I was hired, L.D. really took me under his wing and told me a great many things about the editorial cartoonist's life.

Hurd: I believe you've said that you think your work is still closer to that of some of the cartoonists you've studied and admired than you'd like it to be.

Borgman: Yes — I'm still nearer to their drawings, styles, and ways of thinking than I want to be. But people have told me to be patient and that individuality comes when you're not watching for it. I can feel myself changing, and I'm happy to see this evolution happening, and I do have faith that in time I will find myself, and will no longer be concerned with this sort of thing.

Hurd: Could you say something about how you go about coming up with an appropriate cartoon idea?

Borgman: I keep a notebook which would look very unusual to anyone's eyes but my own. There isn't very much drawing in it — mostly just words. I might be sitting in this dining room where we're eating, with my notebook, and might write down 'someone eating alone', or 'waiter carrying a large platter'. I might note any thought which comes to me or any situation which I see. I might write down 'red flowers', or something which might not mean anything in itself. But these are seeds of ideas for me. Later, when I'm trying to get an idea, I'll page through the notebook, and in an almost stream-of-consciousness way, will run through

JIM BORGMAN '78
GULAG III
HOLOCAUST
ROOTS
"SOMETIMES IT'S HARD FOR ME TO IMAGINE THAT CIVILIZED SOCIETIES HAVE OPPRESSED WHOLE GROUPS OF PEOPLE LIKE THIS..... HEY, GET ME ANOTHER BEER, WILL YA?..... "

Borgman editorial page cartoons

A 'Commentary' page cartoon of Jim's.

BORGMAN 1980©
HELP PUSH?!
(HYUK-YUK) WHY, TO THE CONTRARY, LITTLE LADY, WE WUZ JUST FIXIN' TO GIVE Y'ALL A TICKET FOR SPEEDING.
NON-RATIFYING STATE
ERA
GAS

Jim Borgman and his wife, Lynn

these different notes I've made at different times, see if anything strikes a cord, and invariably it does. My notes go all the way from just random words to full comic situations.

Hurd: The paper is beginning to let you go your own way a bit more.

Borgman: Yes — it's a good working relationship now. I think my editor still winces when I do those Sunday things on the Commentary page, because he never knows what it is going to be and it almost invariably is something contradictory to the editorial policy. I may take a different stand than the Enquirer on the feminist cause, or gay rights, etc., but the paper respects my right to express my ideas on the Commentary page. They've become much more sensitive to my feelings of conscience and I've become sensitive to the fact that they don't want to print contradictory

I LIKE TO RUN AN OPEN ADMINISTRATION.... I ENCOURAGE FRANK DISCUSSION OF ISSUES....
YOUNG
UH... BUT NOT TOO FRANK..
WHAT I MEAN IS, WE STRIVE TO DEAL OPENLY WITH PROBLEMS...
BOURNE
NOT TOO OPENLY, OF COURSE..
MAYBE I SHOULD SAY THAT I ENCOURAGE LIVELY DEBATE ON ISSUES...
COSTANZA
BUT NOT TOO LIVELY...
WHAT I MEAN...

Borgman editorial page cartoons

things on their editorial page.

Hurd: What about caricaturing various politicians?

Borgman: I find Carter's face to be endlessly challenging. I think I have drawn him differently every time I do him. It's not because I'm not satisfied with the likenesses, but each time I look at the man I see something different. I don't know why that is. I had a terrible time with Ford, I couldn't get the hang of him. I don't go back very far so I never even tried Nixon except when his memoirs came out. I'm not exceptionally good at caricature but what I enjoy especially is this: once I've got a cartoon idea which is solid, I enjoy the challenge of putting it together — piecing it together in the best way it can be done. I've always been enthused about the formal elements of a drawing, so that I love working at the blacks and whites and arranging the composition, and just experimenting with delineating forms.

Hurd: You obviously try to make a picture that will be interesting.

Borgman: Of course it has been said a million times that a good drawing will not save a bad idea, but the drawing part — I can't deny it — is where my heart is. The idea part I go through, and can get enthused about it for the time being, but if it wasn't for the joy I get out of drawing, I probably wouldn't stick with this too long.

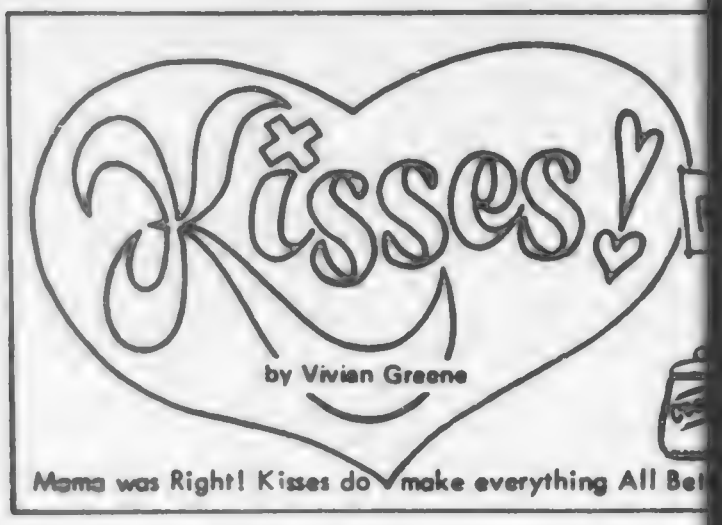
Hurd: I know you find Don Wright's work very interesting.

Borgman: I find him to be one of the most experimental. I don't always know what he is doing in his drawings but he always excites me when I see his stuff. It seems he is always pushing things one step further than would occur to me. He doesn't know it but he's been a mentor to me in some ways — he has been the one who has convinced me that doing cartoons need not become a mundane thing. You don't have to develop a style which you are then locked into — it can continue to be new every day — which is the excitement for me. I told Gene Basset recently that while I sometimes yearn for a style of my own, I fear that possibility even more. Because once you have a style which people associate with you, you may be afraid to step outside of it. ●

A 'Commentary' page cartoon of Borgman's.

JIM BORGMAN 1980
CINCINNATI
BOND ISSUES
THE QUEEN TURNED CRIMSON WITH FURY, AND, AS THE PROCESSION MOVED ON, SHE BEGAN SCREAMING, "OFF WITH THEIR HEADS! OFF WITH THEIR HEADS! OFF WITH—"
—ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Vivian Greene



Last May, "US" magazine, published by The New York Times Company, carried a story about a 28-year-old Floridian named Vivian Greene, titled 'Viv Greene sells Kisses–and they've earned her a million'. The 'Kisses' referred to the syndicated feature and the greeting cards starring her 'Kisses' characters, and the million was earned, according to Vivian, by a strange combination of naivete and tenacity. She has succeeded handsomely in the traditionally tough field of syndicated features, and like so many of us, says that if she'd known how difficult it was, she probably wouldn't have tried it.

"Seven years ago, when I first took my greeting card designs to a couple of major firms, they wanted to change everything–the characters were too sweet, the colors were wrong, you can't put polka dots and checks in the backgrounds, you don't use pink and green together, your coloring is outside the outlines, and so on. I told them I thought the homemade look of my cards gave them their appeal, and that most people who buy cards were my age and my gender, but I see now that I was trying to sell my cards to 40 or 50-year-old men who were 'marketing experts'. I couldn't sell them but I was determined to try and prove to them that people liked the cards and would buy them for their stores. Maybe then the big companies would manufacture them for me *my* way, instead of changing them. I didn't intend, to begin with, to get into manufacturing myself, but eventually I found myself creating cards, selling them, shipping them, keeping books, writing letters, following salesmen around, and operating a multi-faceted business.

"First of all, I went to the Gift & Art Center, on Fifth Avenue in New York, where all kinds of cards and stationery items are on permanent display, and contacted several manufacturers' representatives who go to all the trade shows. It's very expensive to buy space at a trade show, and all I had was 24 greeting cards–and not printed ones at that. I had merely cut out characters from some sample strips I had done for the Bell-McClure Syndicate, glued them onto blank cards and added hand lettering for the captions. These 'reps' took my cards to a trade show but the whole thing was so unimportant to them that they neglected to tell their sales force that my cards weren't actually in production. The salesmen went ahead and booked purchase orders and promised delivery in 6 to 8 weeks to customers all over the United States, so here I was, selling a non-existent line for a non-existent company to real live department stores all over the country! A tremendous amount of business was written at the trade show so you can imagine what kind of a spot I was in!"

I was so young, didn't know what I was doing in the field I'd chosen, so I needed a little time to think things over. While working with John Osenenko of the Bell-McClure syndicate on the 'Nickel Knowledge' strip samples (which I later cut up to produce my 24 greeting cards), I had decided that doing the feature would only consume a few hours a day, so I'd landed a job teaching school in Miami. Just before

Kisses

starting at the school I had returned to New York and found that Bell-McClure was out of business. Which led to my converting my samples into greeting cards. Anyhow, when I started teaching, I began going around to printers and really learned from scratch how you make a greeting card. I had to find out about paper quality, where to get envelopes, how you package cards, how you print them and so on. That's where all the little part-time jobs I'd had while growing up—bookkeeping, typing, sales—really paid off, and I found I was a one-person show trying to put together a card line!

But because I was too young, and new in Miami, and I was a girl, they locked me right out of the bank, and I couldn't get credit or financing to print my cards and start a line. I had to do something quickly about the $12,000 worth of orders that had been written at the trade show, so I ended up striking a bargain with a printer who filled the orders and kept the $12,000. But in the process I gained a few thousand dollars worth of cards which were left over, so now I had samples to start my business.

"That first trade show was in August, I started teaching in September, but I could only afford to go to a couple of trade shows the first year. However, when I finished teaching that June, I started traveling, was on the road for 10 weeks straight, wasn't in any city for more than 3 days, went from one trade show to another, and from one end of the country to another. By the time I got home, I had close to $200,000 in orders—more than I ever dreamed I'd have. You see when you put on sales reps in various cities, you never know whether they're going to produce until you give them a chance to go out and try. But everybody seemed to want to help somebody young, and everyone liked the cards, and they all went out and did their jobs! The enthusiasm was great and all of a sudden, instead of just me calling on stores in one city, there were 40 or 50 sales people throughout the U.S. showing Vivian Greene greeting cards! "I'd do an appearance at a trade show, and I'd sell and I'd teach some other people how to sell, and when I'd left, they'd continue selling the cards on a commission basis."

Vivian says she does very little of the drawing involved in producing her cards and her syndicated newspaper features, but she creates all the stories and the story lines for the characters. And we found her thoughts on how she produces those ideas, and her comments about her background, most interesting.

©1976 VIVIAN GREENE INC.

"I grew up an only child in Seattle, my mother was working, and I believe I was forced into creating my own fantasy world when I got home from school each day. I loved to read, and wasn't a TV addict, which is strange since I'm certainly of the television generation. I was always more infatuated with books, and I'm so surprised when my mother shows me stories I wrote when I was 8. They have a plot, a theme, characters, and all the ingredients that are supposed to be there. They were my escape—we were really in a rather depressing area in Seattle—and nowadays when people ask me how I get an idea every day for a strip, I tell them that I've lived these ideas for years, they aren't work for me, and they're still my escape, but I get paid for them!

"Sometimes when I hear somebody say something which triggers an idea, I'll want to write it down but probably don't have a

by Vivian Greene

Kisses

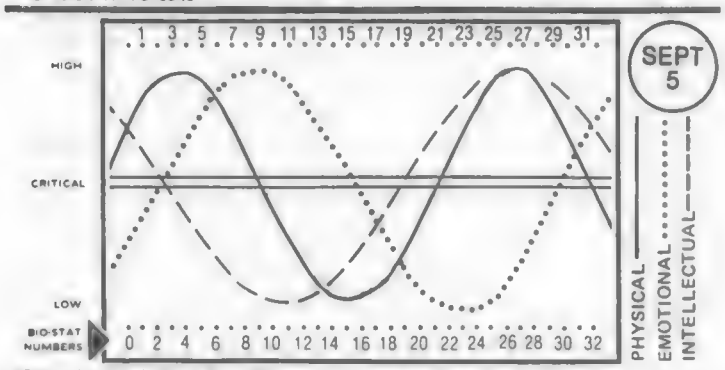
by Vivian Greene

©1978 VIVIAN GREENE
WANT TO COME OVER TO MY HOUSE AND SEE MY NEW BABY SISTER?
I THINK WE SHOULD WAIT 'TILL YOUR MOM FEELS BETTER
8-12
SHE'S OKAY. BESIDES IT'S NOT CATCHING!

Life-rhythms™

© 1978 VIVIAN GREENE

YOUR PERSONAL DAILY BIORHYTHM GRAPH


1 3 5 7 9 11 13 15 17 19 21 23 25 27 29 31
HIGH
CRITICAL
LOW
BIO-STAT NUMBERS
0 2 4 6 8 10 12 14 16 18 20 22 24 26 28 30 32
SEPT 5
PHYSICAL
EMOTIONAL
INTELLECTUAL

HOW TO USE YOUR CHART

Locate your biostat number for each cycle, physical, intellectual, and emotional. Then draw a straight vertical line from your biostat number to the corresponding point on the top or bottom of the graph. The point at which your vertical line hits the curved cycle line, is your biorhythm reading for today. Double lines through the center of the graph indicate critical days.

Instructions for determining your personalized biostat numbers are published in this newspaper every Sunday. Or if you'd like to receive your biorhythm stat numbers for the rest of 1978, send the month, day, and year of your birth, along with fifty cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to:

LIFE-RHYTHMS™
P.O. BOX 4700
HIALEAH, FL 33014

Real Life Bio Fact:

Tennis star, Jimmy Connors, won his first Wimbledon Title on July 6, 1974. On that day he was physically and emotionally high in his biorhythm cycles.

LIFE-RHYTHMS™ APPEARING DAILY IN THIS PAPER.

Chart (A)

BIOSTAT		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Table I	PHY.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	EMO	10	20	2	12	22	4	14	24	6	16	26	8
	INT	18	3	21	6	24	9	27	12	30	15	0	18
Table II	PHY	20	18	15	12	9	7	4					
	EMO	1	3	4	5	6	8	9					
	INT	2	5	7	9	11	14	16					
Birth Mo		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Table III	PHY	20	12	7	22	15	7	0	15	7	0	15	8
	EMO	1	26	28	23	21	18	16	13	10	8	5	3
	INT	2	4	9	11	14	16	19	21	23	26	28	31

Sample Ch. (B)

ROW	EXAMPLE	PHY.	EMO.	INT.
A	TABLE I	2	20	3
B	TABLE II	7	8	14
C	TABLE III	8	3	31
D	subtotal	17	31	48
E	– B'day.	27	27	27
F	Total	13	4	21
G	+ to sub. per #8	23	28	33
H	Final T.	13	4	21

Chart (B)

ROW		PHY	EMO.	INT.
A	TABLE I			
B	TABLE II			
C	TABLE III			
D	subtotal			
E	– B'day.			
F	Total			
G	+ to sub. per #8	23	28	33
H	Final T.			

INSTRUCTIONS: How to find your BIOSTAT number.

1. Write down how old you were on December 31, 1977. For Example, if your birthday was on December 27, 1955, you would have been 22.
2. Divide that number by 8, saving both your answer and remainder. In our example, the answer would be 2, the remainder would be 6.
3. Looking at Table 1 in Chart A, find your answer in the Biostat row, and put the Physical, Emotional, and Intellectual numbers in the space provided in Chart B, Row A. For example: P = 2, E = 20, I = 3. If your answer is 0, then P, E, and I would also be 0.
4. Looking at Table 2 in Chart A, find your remainder in the Biostat row, and put the Physical, Emotional and Intellectual numbers in Chart B, Row B. For example: P = 7. E = 8, I = 14
   If your remainder is 0 -- P, E, and I would also be 0.
5. Find your Birthmonth in Table 3, Chart A, and put the corresponding Physical, Emotional, and Intellectual numbers in Chart B, Row C. For example: p=8, E=3, I=31.
6. Add up the Physical, Emotional and Intellectual columns, and put the sums in Chart B, Row D.
7. Subtract your birthdate from each of the subtotals in Row D.
8. If your birthdate is greater than any of the Physical, Emotional, or Intellectual, subtotals in Row D, take the corresponding number in Chart B, Row G and add it to the subtotal. Then, subtract your birthdate. For example, 27 is greater than the Physical subtotal in Row D (17). We would add 23 to 17 and from the sum, subtract 27. Our answer would be 13.
9. Bring the numbers from Row F down to Row H. They will not change if step number 8 didn't apply. If your No.'s in row F are less than corresponding No.'s in row G, then bring No.'s in F down to row H. If your No.'s in row F is the same as or greater than corresponding No.'s in row G, subtract the No. s in row G from row F and put the difference in row H.
10. The numbers in Row H are your personal biostat numbers. For example, a person born on December 27, 1955 would have the following Biostat: P=13, E= 4. I=21.

Use your BIOSTAT number to plot your LIFE-RHYTHMS™ in the feature that runs in this newspaper daily.

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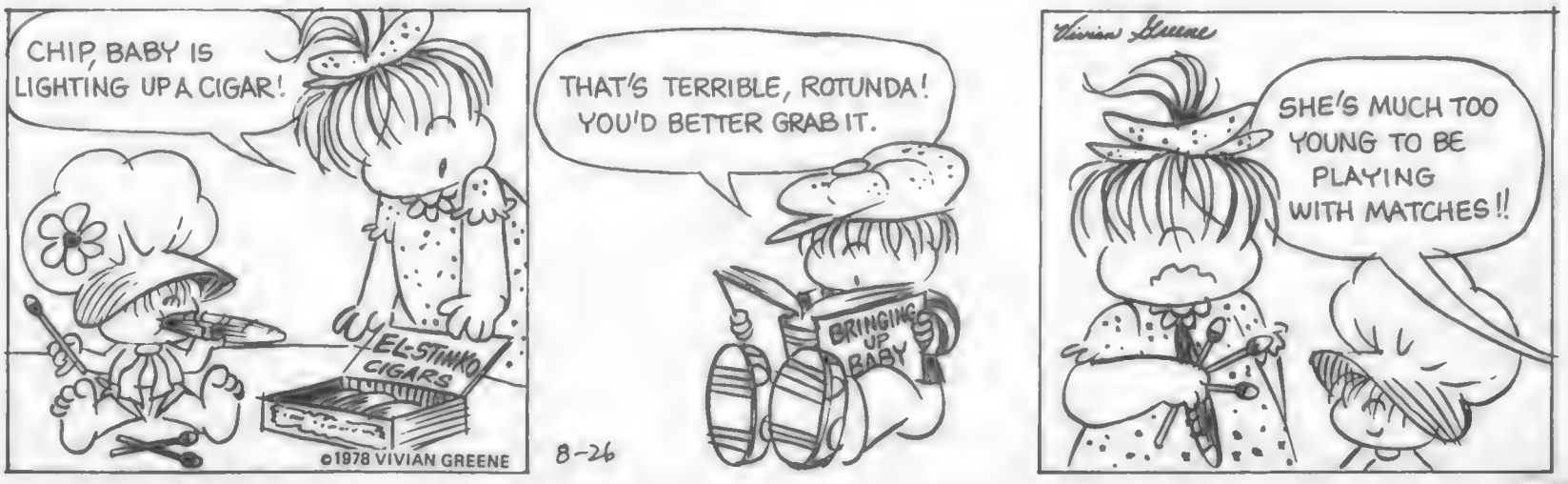
CHIP, BABY IS LIGHTING UP A CIGAR!
WEL-STIMKO CIGARS
©1978 VIVIAN GREENE
8-26
THAT'S TERRIBLE, ROTUNDA! YOU'D BETTER GRAB IT.
BRINGING UP BABY
SHE'S MUCH TOO YOUNG TO BE PLAYING WITH MATCHES!!

notebook with me. It's then that I often resort to a patented idea of mine—writing notes on the bottom of my shoe! If you looked in my closet, you'd be hysterical because I've found that if you write in the arch of your shoe—the part that never touches the floor—you can almost have a comic strip on the bottom of every pair of shoes in your closet!

I THOUGHT, IF I FED OUR BABY SISTER TADPOLES, SHE'D GET A DEEP FROG-LIKE VOICE.
© 1978 VIVIAN GREENE
CHIP! ARE YOU CRAZY? THAT COULD KILL HER!
8-23

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"I work 6 months ahead, because of my schedule and my travel, and if I happen to be writing Christmas material in July, I have to get myself in a Christmas mood, so I'll go to the library and look through December magazines, noticing all the ads and the articles. And I get a tremendous amount of material from first-person articles in the women's magazines. I remember reading a story about a poor couple who decided not to buy each other Christmas presents because they couldn't afford any. But the husband found a beautiful poem in a book, copied the poem and gave *that* as his Christmas present. I converted this into an idea for a strip of mine in which a brother gave his sick sister a library book which he told her she could return when she got better."

Vivian says she's turning into a mini-syndicate these days, distributing several other features besides her 'Kisses'. 'Life Rhythms', a biorhythm feature appears in some major papers, and her 'Women and Money' is a text feature showing other women how they can make money—not necessarily be rich but able to take control of their lives.

"I like to have ideas for new features submitted to me," says Vivian, "and I'd rather see panels than strips. Newspapers are tightening up their space and for them to find room for a strip, you really need something phenomenally different. I'd be surprised if one out of every 2 or 3 hundred strips submitted would qualify to knock out something that's already in a paper. And I prefer female-oriented material because there's a terrible void in newspapers of anything that relates to youth or women. I'm constantly increasing my own art staff—we're doing educational film strips, children's books, and getting into animation."

She advertises for artists to work on her 'Kisses' newspaper feature and for animators because she likes to keep control of her characters, rather than farm them out to an existing animation firm.

"I'm particularly interested in women and young people—I really think there's a market for young talent now—we get shuffled aside because young people don't know how to approach a newspaper syndicate. I spent several days at Cal-Art recently, interviewing people every 15 minutes, figuring that maybe out of 30 I'd be lucky to find one. On the 'Kisses' strip I interviewed 400 different artists, and there are six who now work on the feature."

Lest anyone think that this self-styled 'workaholic' is just out for herself, we want to emphasize how much she enjoys working with, and helping, other artists. Let Vivian tell in her own words about a couple of her staff members:

"I have an artist on staff who's 22, and who has been with me since he was 16. I literally fired him last summer because the college work he was also doing was starting to fall off. I told him, 'I don't want you to work for me for a while because you also have to find out what *other* fields you're good in.' He was angry, and left for six months, but now he's back, working as a freelance artist. He's now into interior design, and clothing design, and is so multi-faceted that he doesn't belong just in cartooning. He's grateful, and he'll always be with me because I helped him to grow.

"One of the girls who's been with me for four years is also a writer and just sold her own play which opened this past July. I'm only five or six years older than she is, but I'm as thrilled for her to sell something of her own as though I'd created it myself!"

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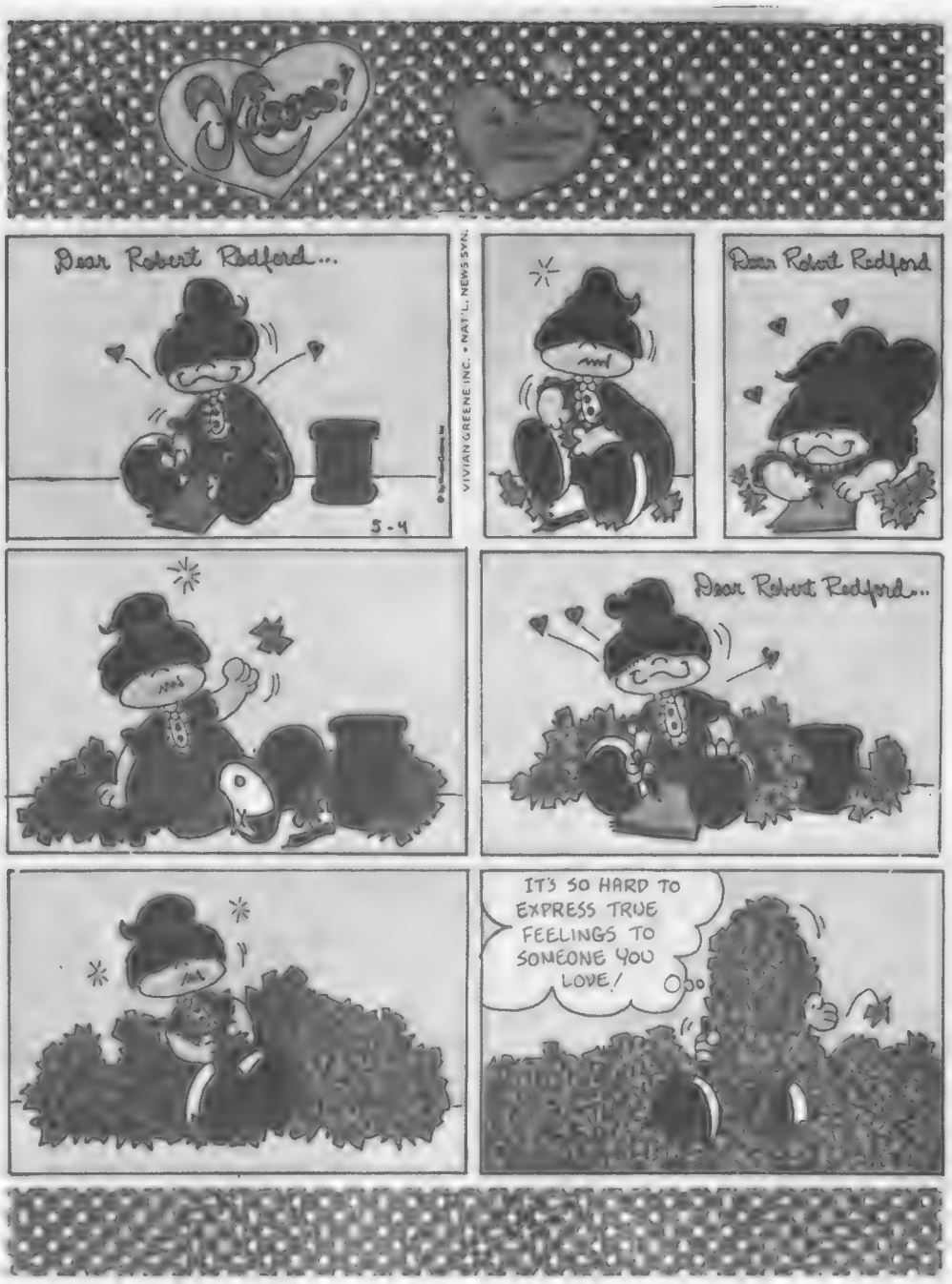
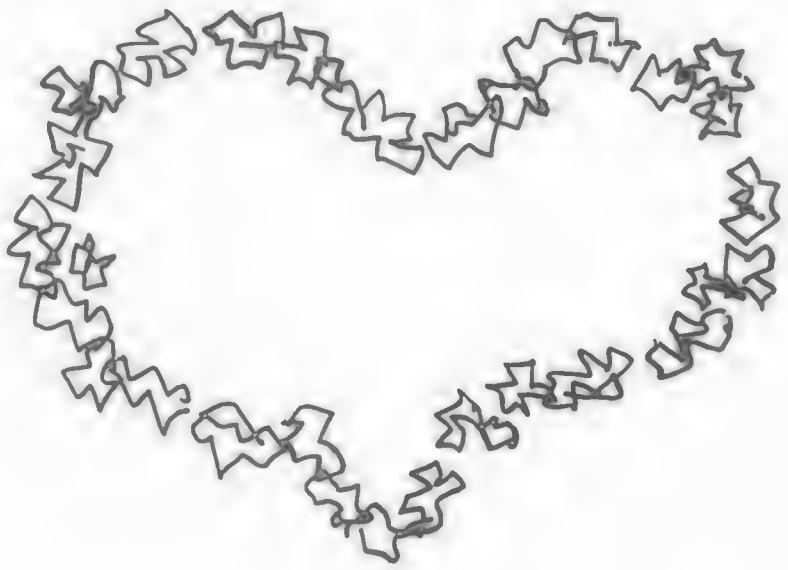

Kisses!
Dear Robert Redford...
VIVIAN GREENE INC. • NAT'L. NEWS SYN.
5-4
Dear Robert Redford
Dear Robert Redford...
IT'S SO HARD TO EXPRESS TRUE FEELINGS TO SOMEONE YOU LOVE!



Curator's Corner
by Jack Tippit

Well, here we go again for the second time as a part of the contents of the expanded CARTOONIST PROfiles with an attempt to bring you readers the latest up-to-date information about the Museum of Cartoon Art.

We were pleased with the Museum's special section in the last issue of PROfiles, and hope you will enjoy it in future issues. Four full pages of news, activities, exhibits, and events were included in the December, 1978 issue, along with two pages in the back of the book devoted to the Museum Marketplace. Additionally, more Museum info was contained in the eight page article, "A Paean to My Peers", by Alfred Andriola, in which he related in detail how the Museum sequence in "Kerry Drake" was born and developed, along with many illustrated strips from the story. All of us here at the Museum were happy and proud that Alfred would think enough of the effort to create such a warm and interesting episode.

As a service and help to us at the Museum, we would appreciate any comments, criticism, or suggestions as to how we may best serve the Museum membership, as well as regular PROfiles readers in future issues of the publication.

We think it is appropriate in this issue's column to mention that a welcome monetary donation of $10,000 arrived late in 1978 from King Features Syndicate to the Museum of Cartoon Art, and we wish to offer a special thank you to Joseph D'Angelo for his individual efforts in behalf of the Museum, and for his continued interest and support.

Other syndicates have also joined King in the past four years with these most welcome contributions. They include: The Register & Tribune Syndicate, United Feature Syndicate, Field Enterprises, N.E.A. Service, Inc., Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate, Universal Press Syndicate, and Yaffa Syndicate PTY, Inc.

A generous gift of $5,000 was received earlier in 1978 from the Frank E. Gannett Foundation, arranged for by publisher Louis A. Weil III. Gifts of $1,000 from Pepsico, and a $500 gift from Reader's Digest were also received in the last several months. Dik "Hagar the Horrible" Browne, who has been an active and loyal supporter of the Museum, with his time, original drawings, and donations, made two more monetary contributions of $500 each, and Dik's mother-in-law, Mrs. Sally Kelly, sent a truck load of attractive furniture, which included sofas, chairs, tables, chests, etc. This gift almost completely decorated the lounge on the second floor which is used for board meetings and various other functions.

Another method of contributing to benefit the Museum, to anyone interested, is through the gift of stock certificates. The sale of these can help in two ways, either by adding the proceeds to the Museum's operating budget or by including the stock or monies from the sale in the Museum's trust fund which is healthy and, though gradually, growing. Museum President, Mort Walker, has been especially generous in this respect in 1978 with gifts of 9,000 shares of Uppster Corp., 1000 shares of DeSoto, Inc., and 300 shares of Florida Power.

We would like to wind up this month's Curator's Column by saying that all monetary gifts (large or small), and contributions of original cartoon art, books for the library and sales counter, and related material, are all welcome, very much appreciated, and we feel rewarding to the entire profession.

MUSEUM OF CARTOON ART

Activities, Exhibits, & Events

"CASTLE KEEPING PARTY"
The "Castle Keeping" Party, which was held in November, 1978, as the annual fund-raising dinner/dance, was a huge success and everyone who attended had a great time. It was held at the Castle on Mickey Mouse's 50th birthday and was attended by some eighty persons in formal attire and wearing cardboard Mouse ears. Good music, delicious food, open bar... and it promises to be an annual event from the interest and enthusiasm shown. The nicest part, though, was the evening netted over $9,000 which has already been put to good use in almost paying off an outstanding loan we took out to help pay for renovation and restoration work on the castle in the past year. Sponsors who contributed $500 or more toward the evening included: Mr. & Mrs. Dik Browne, Mr. & Mrs. Hal Foster, The Register & Tribune Syndicate, Mr. & Mrs. Mort Walker, and King Features Syndicate. Patrons included: Alfred Andriola and John Hart. Fifteen cartoonists attended with their guests and drew sketches and signed autographs throughout the evening.

Mr. & Mrs. Lowell Robertson — she was chairman of The Castle Keeping Committee.

Mr. & Mrs. Frank Johnson — Millie handles cataloguing at the Museum.

"DICK TRACY EXHIBIT"

Due to the popularity of the Chester Gould/Dick Tracy Exhibit, it was extended another month until the end of December. The Dick Tracy exhibit catalogue for the show is selling like hotcakes for $1.00, plus 50 cents postage. During the month of November . . . and into December, mail orders were arriving at the Museum daily (20 to 30 orders) for the book from all parts of the United States and Canada. We have a supply of these catalogues still available (first come first served) at the price quoted, for those who are interested. Please order directly from the Museum. (See listing in the market place.)

"MacNELLY EXHIBIT"

Beginning on Sunday, January 14, and continuing until Sunday, March 11, the Museum of Cartoon Art will feature the work of the multi-talented Jeff MacNelly. MacNelly won the Pulitzer Prize for editorial cartooning for 1978, his second time for that award. Additionally, MacNelly was recognized by his peers in the National CartoonistsSociety and the profession with the "Best Editorial Cartoonist of the Year" award for 1977. He recently received the special Thomas Nast Award for his editorial cartoons (in Landau, Germany . . . the first recipient).

His newly created strip, "Shoe", which first appeared in 1977, has skyrocketed and now appears regularly in 440 newspapers.

The Museum's exhibit will contain original examples of both MacNelly's editorial cartoons for the Richmond News Leader, as well as daily and Sunday "Shoe" strips. Also, the exhibit will include some of MacNelly's early scribblings and a selection of his watercolors and paintings. On sale during the exhibit will be a book collection of his editorial cartoons and a new volume of "Shoe" strips.

SALE OF ORIGINAL CARTOON ART CONTINUES TO BENEFIT MUSEUM

As mentioned briefly in the last issue of PROfiles, the sale of original cartoon art, only with prior permission from the individual cartoonists, to benefit the Museum has been a big contribution and help in trying to meet the Museum's operating budget.

No sales have ever been considered or made from the Museum's permanent collection of more than 50,000 pieces representing some 1500 individual artists, but a portfolio of original cartoons is maintained in the Museum's sales office . . . and this contains drawings donated by a number of artists who have agreed to the sale of their art to benefit the Museum.

In addition to the sales area at the Museum where these original cartoons may be purchased, a marketplace list is published periodically (one is in this issue of PROfiles) from which drawings may be purchased by mail order.

A few of the artists who have contributed cartoons for sale are: Bud Blake, Jerry Dumas, Rae Van Buren, Dik Browne, Bud Sagendorf, Hal Foster, John Cullen Murphy, Stan Drake, Bill Yates, Frank Johnson, William F. Brown & Mel Casson, Gordon Bess, Mort Walker, and Jack Tippit.

If you have not already joined this group of contributors, we encourage every professional cartoonist to send several examples of his or her cartoons if you wish to offer them for the specific purpose of selling them to provide an additional source of fund-raising to benefit the Museum.

CARTOON CHRISTMAS TREE

A large and truly unique Cartoon Christmas Tree was on display in the main exhibit room at the Museum through the holidays and remained for public viewing until Mid-January. The tree was designed and created by June Stratton, who is Art Director of the Greater Buffalo Press. Miss Stratton hand painted 108 large bulbs with comic characters which decorated the 10 foot high tree.

The tree was topped by the angelic figure of "Hagar the Horrible", also hand-made by Miss Stratton. The tree took three months to complete and was on display at the Buffalo Convention Center on November 24, 25 and 26 as part of the Festival of Trees, a benefit for the Buffalo Childrens Hospital. The other trees were auctioned off, the proceeds going to the hospital; but the Greater Buffalo Press decided to donate their tree to the Museum of Cartoon Art.

THE COMIC CHRISTMAS TREE

June Stratton

Greater Buffalo Press, Inc

Acquisitions

Mr. Ed LeZotte, Book — "History of the Comic Strip," by Couperie and Horn
Tom Gammill, original pen and ink, for Harvard Lampoon, by Francis G. Attwood
Rick Fletcher and Max Collins, dail ys of the Dick Tracy strip of the "Angeltop Story" covering the week of 2/21/78 — 2/26/78
Bud Blake, donated 10 "Tiger" dail ys from 1974
Jim Davis, 2 "Garfield" originals — 1 daily 10/11/78, 1 Sunday 10/1/78
Milton Caniff, 12 reproductions — portraits from the Aviation Hall of Fame
Dr. Wm. Hampton, original "Timid Soul" Oct. 15, 1928 by H.T. Webster
Gambit Publishers, donated Book, "Scene Changes," by Osbert Lancaster — 1978
Wayne Baldwin, Book — "Fifty Years of Newspaper Cartoons in Australia" — 1923 to 1973
John Belfi, Original daily strip "Straight Arrow" Certa & Belfi, 9/14/50
Merrit & Marie Rathje, Original gag cartoon from the New Yorker Magazine by Perry Barlow — donated thru Eric Gurney
Bill Chadbourne, Original poster art and poster by George Baker 1972, "Don't be a Sad Sack"
Mario H. Zayas, 3 cartons of comic books
Dr. & Mrs. Ira S. Honig, 2 Disney cels

Jim Ivey donated 34 items. Cartoon Course Art: Stanley Link 1916, Sals Bostwich 1921, Sid Ehrhart (Puck 1890), Merle Johnson (Life 1920s), Walt McDougall 1910, A.B. Schultz (Puck 1890) 2 drawings, Gordon Grant (Small illustration signed 'GG'), Zim 1929, Art Young (signed sketchbook page), Henry Major (Caricature King George VI), L. Raven Hill (British wash cartoon), Garrett Price drawing, Robinson political cartoon (Indianapolis News), Canfield political cartoon (Newark News), Op-Ed drawing by Suares (N.Y. Times), Gaar Williams (Sketch of character 'Zipper'). 3 consecutive daily 'Hairbreadth Harry' strips (1936), 'Old Reliable' strip (1928), Sidney Smith's 'Gumps' (1920s), 'Mandrake' Davis (1936), Nast woodcut print from Harper's Weekly (1872), 'John Wayne' comic book page by McCann, Syndicated gag panel 'Ginger' by Getterman, 'Mr. Breger' 1958, Chuck Thorndike, Lew Folette, Bilko, Higgins, Bishop, Schliff, and Geo. Stewart's 'Dingbat' from Tampa Tribune.

Seasons Greetings
TIMES ALMOST UP, CAN I HANG THIS ONE WAY UP ON TOP?
RUSH DEADLINE NOV.20 1978
HURRY HURRY
R-R-RING R-RING
ZZZZ
I WISH SHE WUZ DONE, SO WE COULD GO FOR A RIDE
HURRY UP GET ME ON TOP
THIS LEAVES 31 TO GO
30 MORE TO GO
BOND
NANCY
JUNE STRATTON

Celebrity Cartoonists

CELEBRITY CARTOONIST GUEST PROGRAM

The Celebrity Guest Cartoonists scheduled for Sunday, November 5 were to have included a group of four new-generation cartoonists whose works appear regularly in PLAYBOY and NATIONAL LAMPOON and many other publications. Unfortunately, Chris Browne had not fully recovered from a bout with hepatitis and Bob London was in Italy picking up a special award for his cartoon efforts . . . so the director of the Museum, Jack Tippit, filled the breech as a last-minute substitute. We hope to reschedule the group of young cartoonists sometime next year.

The Celebrity Cartoonist Guest for Sunday, December 3, was Harry Devlin, a widely-known and leading artist/writer, who is active in the Arts in New Jersey.

Devlin was born in Jersey City, New Jersey, grew up in Elizabeth, and graduated with a Bachelor of Fine Arts Degree from Syracuse University in 1939. He held a commission in the Navy during WW II, serving as an artist in Intelligence. After the war, he was the editorial cartoonist for COLLIER'S magazine, served briefly in a similar capacity at the New York DAILY NEWS, and, also, was active in creating cartoons and illustrations for advertising.

Harry Devlin and his artist/writer wife, Wende, have collaborated on syndicated comic strips, "Full House", and "Raggmopp" for Good Housekeeping, and a number of children's books — "Aunt Agatha", "There's a Lion Under the Couch", and "A Kiss For the Warthog", among others.

Two of their most successful books have been "How Fletcher Was Hatched" (over three million copies) and "Old Black Witch" (with over a million), which later became a movie with Hermione Gingold as the witch.

Devlin, an award-winning cartoonist, is a past president of the National Cartoonists Society, a member of the Dutch Treat Club, and the Society of Illustrators, and is currently the Vice-Chairman and Grants Chairman of the New Jersey Council on the Arts.

FUTURE GUESTS FOR CELEBRITY CARTOONIST PROGRAM

January 7 . . . MIKE BERRY . . . Cartoonist, writer, illustrator of books and magazines. He has done many pieces on travel for such publications as the New York Times and Holiday Magazine.

February 4 . . . JERRY MARCUS and ORLANDO BUSINO . . . Top magazine cartoonists whose creative efforts appear in all of the leading magazines. Jerry is also the creator of the successful newspaper comic feature, "Trudy".

March 4 . . . JOHN LEHTI . . . cartoonist and illustrator who has worked in a variety of ways and for many publications . . . former artist for "Tales from the Great Book" which was syndicated through newspapers throughout the country.

April 1 . . . HENRI ARNOLD . . . artist who creates the illustrations which appear in the syndicated special feature, "JUMBLES" . . . and former art director of the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate.

Guest Celebrity Cartoonist Harry Devlin.

More of The Castle Keeping Party

Frederick J. Coyer, Member of Board of Directors of The Museum of Cartoon Art, Gail Dumas, wife of Jerry Dumas of 'Sam & Silo' fame.

Alfred (Kerry Drake) Andriola.

Music by Brian McKenna.

Bill Yates (recently appointed Comics Editor at King Features Syndicate).

BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE MUSEUM OF CARTOON ART

Mort Walker, President, Museum of Cartoon Art; Charles Kline, President of the Newspaper Comics Council; John Milt Morris, Past President, Assn. of American Editorial Cartoonists; Burne Hogarth, President, National Cartoonists Society; Stan Lee, President, Marvel Comics; Jerry Robinson, President, Assn. of American Editorial Cartoonists; Mrs. Douglas (Patricia) Soutar, President, Ladd & Nichols Realtors; Milton Caniff, Honorary Chairman of the Board, National Cartoonists Society; John Goldwater, President, Archie Comic Publications, Inc.; Richard Splittorf, President, Sawyer-Ferguson-Walker Co. Inc., Louis A. Weil, III, President & Publisher, Westchester-Rockland Newspapers, Frederick J. Coyer, Legal Counsel, Lambert & Coyer; Joseph D'Angelo, President, King Features Syndicate; and Jack Tippit, Director, Museum of Cartoon Art.

Staff: Jack Tippit, Director; Chuck Green, Curator; Brian Walker, Curator; Peter Ciccone, Assistant Curator; Adele Bleyer, Secretary; Millie Johnson, cataloguing; and Legal Counsel: Lambert & Coyer.

Q's & A's about

The San Francisco Academy of Comic Art

by Bill Blackbeard,

We enthusiastically welcome to these pages on a regular basis, BILL BLACKBEARD, whose writings have appeared here occasionally in the past. Bill will conduct a column in which he will answer the most interesting questions submitted, pertaining to comic strips, and below you will find his suggestions for sending your questions to him. Blackbeard, of course, is the well-known founder of The San Francisco Academy of Comic Art, which has virtually complete runs (from the beginning) of a large number of major comic strips. He is the Series Editor of the 22-Volume Series of Classic American Comic Strips, recently published by Hyperion Press, and the Co-Editor with Martin Williams, of The Smithsonian Collection of Newspaper Comics, Copublished by Smithsonian Institution Press and Harry N. Abrams, Inc. We are very pleased that our readers will thus have access to the immense amount of factual information filed at the Academy, and appreciate very much Bill Blackbeard's cooperation in making this service possible for our readers.

Due to the unexpected advance of a publishing deadline for a book I have in the works, the Q's & A's column had to take a bit of a backseat this issue, but we'll have the usual full-sized roundup of letters in the next issue, together with the list of comic strip book titles currently in print, as discussed last time. The one letter I do want to cover this time, because of the importance of the question raised to many cartoonists, is the following, from Dave Custer, of Minneapolis:

"As a well-known collector of original comic strip and cartoon art in this area for many years (the result of several newspaper articles and even a TV interview), I was approached by a friend of Lank Leonard's after his death, asking me if I could evaluate the market worth of his *Mickey Finn* originals, of which he had left several thousand to his estate. I did so, was put in contact with his family attorneys, and learned the first time of the difficulties cartoonists faced with their originals in terms of IRS regulations. As you no doubt know, the cartoonist cannot himself, during his own lifetime, donate his originals to any museum, college, or other non-profit institution at any face evaluation other than his costs for the paper and ink involved, yet after his death, his estate can be taxed for the full market value of the originals if the IRS learns of their existence through specific mention in a will, etc. This self-evident shafting of creative people in a heads-you-lose-tails-we-win tax trap (obviously the IRS wants to force the artist into selling his originals during his lifetime so they will benefit to the extent of that much more taxable income) has long vexed me, and I wonder if you know

COMIC STRIPS!

Answers Your Questions on Comic Strips
Director, SFACA

whether the cartoonists (or artists in general) have any kind of lobby going in Congress to get this meretricious business altered through legislation?"

It is my understanding, Dave, that bills have been introduced in virtually every session of Congress to amend this area of tax law in such a way that the graphic artist will be specifically omitted from its restrictions. *But,* as so often happens with unglamorous bills (i.e., those that do not seem to represent the wishes of a great many voters or of interests the legislators feel they have to pay attention to), these have tended to be tabled in committee year after year. Too, many legislators are afraid that a really minor bill of this sort might be noted, if passed, by a reporter or columnist and blown out of proportion as a *fresh* loophole designed for rich artists (rather than as a simple restoral of a reasonable right arbitrarily taken away from a great many creative people by legislation brought about through its flagrant misuse by Lyndon B. Johnson).

However, there does seem to be a way in which many cartoonists can meet this problem and accomplish their wish for a well-earned (and possibly sizable) tax deduction from originals donated to one or more non-profit bodies during their lifetime. I have checked the arrangement to be described with the requisite tax authorities as mentioned below, and encountered no objection from any of them; in fact, some of them actively encouraged the proposal, as a perfectly legal means of avoiding the strict application of a badly drafted regulation.

The idea is not new to some of you CP readers; Jud tells me it has been discussed among cartoonists for some time. But it has apparently been only infrequently implemented, if at all — a curious situation, in view of the obvious benefits waiting to be reaped by cartoonists with a great many of their own originals in their possession.

What we are talking about here is a carefully calculated *exchange* between two cartoonists of roughly equal rank on the originals market (a rank which can easily be determined by checking the catalogues of such dealers in original cartoon art as Jerry Muller or Russ Cochran, or consulting such private collectors already known to many cartoonists as Rich Marschall), in which each of the two cartoonists would sell each other an equal number (or an equally evaluated number of their disposable originals (i.e., those they would have themselves have donated to an institution for the tax benefit if the old law had not been changed), at market value. Since both individuals are basically paying each other about the same sum, the actual price hardly matters so far as any actual expenditure is concerned. Then, as a new owner of someone else's file of original work, each party to the exchange is legally free to donate the art he has just purchased to any institution of his choosing — with the obvious understanding that the institution concerned will evaluate the donated work at full current market value, as it should properly do.

The IRS now has several trunk lines open by means of which the public can consult directly by phone with IRS authorities specializing in the various areas of tax law application. I did so in discussing the legal propriety of the procedure outlined above, and so can interested CP readers. The specialists I talked to were men and women concerned with estate and inheritance taxes, and with permissible donations to non-profit organizations. It is not, of course, necessary to use any name in making these calls, and the party calling needn't be worried over bringing unnecessary IRS attention to himself or his plans: it can't happen. Once the interested cartoonist has verified the IRS reaction to this exchange operation by calling his locally listed IRS information number, he should, of course, consult with his attorney or tax advisor regarding the details of implementing the exchange. (He will also, obviously, be concerned in locating another cartoonist on his own level of marketability in the original field: here again, the dealers and collectors referred to would be of use. And, of course, we are always ready at the SFACA to help in these areas.)

Next issue, in replying to another letter, I will discuss the donation value of a strip cartoonist's proof sheets and scrapbooks of printed material. Perhaps surprisingly, these do *not* fall under the IRS strictures discussed above, and their donation value may be much higher than you think. ●

As some of you CP readers already know, the San Francisco Academy of Comic Art has long had a policy of answering the questions of NCS members at no charge so long as a SASE was enclosed. This will continue to be true in the conducting of this column, except that the privilege will be extended to all CP subscribers as well. To save Jud handling and postage, inquiries should be directed to me at SFACA, 2850 Ulloa St., S. F. CA 94116, SASE enclosed. The most interesting questions will be reprinted, with their answers, in this column. Only questions relating to comic strips will be used.

ROY

After the death of Roy Crane veteran cartoonist, Bob Zschiesche, was moved to write a piece for us about Roy and his longtime friend, Les Turner. Bob, whose modesty is well known, wanted us to play down his own accomplishments in this case, but we should mention that he has been an editorial cartoonist of note for the Greensboro, North Carolina, Daily News, and at present, among other things, is working with Dick Moores on 'Gasoline Alley'. We're including a couple of Christmas Card sketches, typical of the work Bob does so beautifully, as well as his caricatures of Roy and Les.

By BOB ZSCHIESCHE

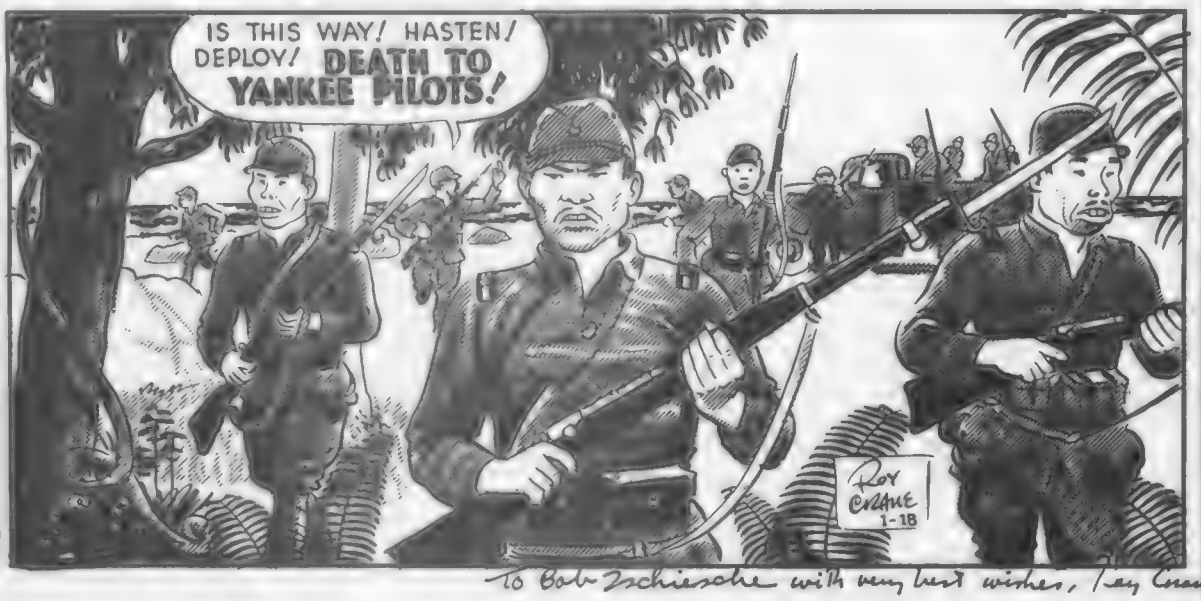
Roy Crane and Les Turner's association in cartooning is unique. They were close friends and colleagues for more than 57 years. During much of that time, their lives and careers were intimately intertwined. Ironically, they were apart when Roy had a fatal coronary at Orlando, Florida, in July of '77. When Roy died, Les and his wife Bethel were traveling in Texas.

Texas is where it all started for Roy and Les. Roy was born in Sweetwater in 1902; Les in Cisco, 80 miles from Sweetwater, in 1899. They first met at the Chicago Academy of FineArts in 1920, where they were studying—and getting their first taste—of cartooning. To make ends meet they had jobs as bus boys in the Harmony Cafeteria, on Wabash Avenue.

From Chicago, in 1920, Roy and Les headed back to Texas and college. Roy went to Texas University at Austin, Les to SMU. During this time they started bumming around the country, hopping freight and seeing sights that would later appear in Wash Tubbs stories.

One such story—one of the earliest episodes I remember in Wash Tubbs—had to do with Wash and Easy hitchhiking. The two adventurers were out west riding their thumbs from town to town. Easy, to protect his one and only dollar bill, put it in his shoe and later discovered, that both the buck and the shoe's sole had big holes in them. I loved this little

This caricature of Roy Crane was done by Zschiesche at Jim Ivey's Orlandocon



To Bob Zschiesche with very best wishes, Roy Crane

& LES

A Les Turner caricature by Bob.

story and mentioned it to both Roy and Les at different times. Each said it had happened to him. I'm inclined to think Les was the one who had actually had the experience, since Les was the one who had been bumming out west in the early 20's. Les told me that he'd had this worn-out buck incident happen to him when he was bumming thru Arizona, and, getting to El Paso, found that the 5-dollar bill in his shoe was pretty useless.

While Les was bumming out west, Roy in 1922 came into Dallas, looking for Les but not finding him. Roy went on to Galveston, boarded a freighter which took him to Belgium and back to New York. Roy's experiences on that freighter would appear in Wash Tubbs stories, too.

Arriving in New York in 1922, Roy landed a night job in the art department of the New York World. He also got a job with H.T. Webster, working on Webster's 'Timid Soul' Sunday page. Roy, in 1924, started an unspectacular little comic for NEA, in Cleveland. The strip: Washington Tubbs II, which is quite a mouthful.

Of his first strip, Roy told me, "Wash Tubbs had no girl friends, no job, no influential friends, no impressive physique. He had nothing in the beginning." Nothing except the ingredients for the first American adventure strip. This fact hasn't been duly recognized by the cartooning profession. Bud Fisher has been given deserved credit for creating the first daily comic strip, in 1907; but, Roy, with his Wash Tubbs, has not been widely acknowledged for creating the *first* adventure strip. Wash Tubbs set the stage for a long list of adventure strips such as, Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon, Terry and Steve Canyon, Rip Kirby, Tarzan, Scorchy Smith, Prince Valiant, and Dick Tracy, to name just a few. Stephen Becker's 'Comic Art in America' failed to recognize Roy's noteworthy contribution. One of the few books giving Roy his due was Coulton Waugh's 'The Comics,' a very fine book on comics.

It is remarkable that very few books are available of Roy's early work. Fortunately, in 1974, Jim Ivey and Gordon Campbell came out

BACK IN PARIS
HMM...WE TAKE THE NORD-SUD SUBWAY LINE TO PLACE PIGALLE IN MONTMARTRE
METRO
WE OUGHTA FIND SOMEBODY ON RUE PIGALLE WHO KNOWS OF A SCULPTOR NAMED NOVAKS LIVING THERE, EASY!
HE MAY NOT STILL LIVE ON THAT STREET. AND THERE ARE THIRTY THOUSAND ARTISTS AND SCULPTORS IN PARIS!
© by NEA, Inc
THEN AFTER SCORES OF FRUITLESS INQUIRIES...
NO, M'SIEUR.. NEVAIR HEARD OF HEEM!
THAT EX-HOUSEKEEPER OF DR. NOVAKS SAID HIS STUDIO WAS OVER A BAR, EASY. THERE'S NOTHIN' BUT BARS AN' HONKY-TONKS ON THIS STREET!
FILLES
LES TURNER 1-17

My very best wishes to an old friend Bob Zschiesche — Les Turner

with a book with Roy's Wash Tubbs' work from the late 20's and 1930. And it's a gem of a book; the book's 304 pages contain great loose drawing with fine action.

My initiation to Wash Tubbs goes back to the middle 30's, when I was a farm kid, near Prophetstown, Illinois. Wash Tubbs, with its fast lickety-whop action, ran in the Sterling (Ill.) Daily Gazette and what great fun it was to read, especially since I had cartooning dreams.

Dreams—young cartoonists need them for sustenance in what can be a very tough profession—took me in 1949 to Kissimmee, Florida. I had the big break of assisting Frank King of Gasoline Alley. Bill Perry was assisting too. Later Bill would do the Sunday Gasoline Alley for 25 years. While assisting King, I heard that my old buddy from art school, Dan Heilman (Chicago Academy of Fine Arts), was working for Roy, and I got in touch with Dan. Seeing Dan Heilman again was doubly exciting because I got to meet *the* Roy Crane, in the summer of 1950.

It's 1950. I'm going to see Dan Heilman again—and meet Roy. At this time Roy was working on his second comic creation , Buz Sawyer, for King Features. Roy was living and working in his sumptuous home on Lake Jessamine, south of Orlando, Florida. To get to Roy's home you had to drive down a sandy, winding road past old live oaks choked with Spanish moss. It was on this same sandy road that Heilman, several days before, killed a rattler with a 45 issued to him while he was on a WWII B-29. Roy, a man of calm demeanor, must've been startled. Hearing Ka-pow! Ka-Pow! down his road.

Once in Roy's home, the place was so big you were lucky to find the studio. It faced north, just off the spacious living room—and near a built-in bar, with its own little refrigerator. (This, I thought, was befitting a big-name cartoonist). Roy was in the studio with his assistants—Heilman in one corner, Hank Schlensker in the other (Hank continued working for Roy thru the years). After working a short stint for Roy, Dan went on to draw 'Judge Parker'—but had a tragic death several years ago. And there was Roy, with dark black hair and mustache, sitting at a desk. Like many of the pioneer comic artists, Roy was working on a drawing board, propped against the desk, working feverishly and smoking steadily because of that big clock on the wall—the deadline.

In 1950, in Orlando, I also met Les Turner, who had taken over Wash Tubbs (retitled Captain Easy) after Roy left NEA to join King Features in '43. The story behind Les' taking over the strip is an amazing one: From '30 until '35 Roy and Les had lost contact with each other. Roy was in Cleveland working on Wash Tubbs; Les, a magazine illustrator in New York, had a painful facial condition and was advised by his doctor, in 1929, to go to a warmer climate for relief. Les had only 3 magazine illustration jobs he could count on—but he left New York with Bethel and their kids. They ended up in southeastern Colorado on a large ranch, owned by Bethel's father.That first year they lived in a two-room adobe hut, which was slightly mouse-infested.

After the mouse-house, the Turner family

CAROLINA CHRISTMAS

...FROM THE ZSCHIESCHES

moved into a rock house Les had built mostly by himself in six months. The Turner ranch was isolated—their nearest neighbors, a Mexican family, five miles away; 25 miles to the nearest store; 80 miles to the nearest town, Trinidad. Hard work and hard times and very little money. Les and Bethel decided to go back to New York in 1933—and try to get back into magazine illustrating. They made the long trip in a model-T Ford, slept outdoors for four nights before reaching New York. They made the trip on $25.

Les was back in New York. It's 1933, magazine work — and everything else — is scarce. Les and Bethel lived in a $13-a-week, one-room apartment on east 30th Street, off Lexington. For Les, breaking into the magazine illustration field was rougher than when he first went to the Big Apple. In 1933, Les illustrated stories for *Pictorial Review* and *American Girl*, lined up pulp magazine work and several ad agency assignments, one involving a Schenley Liquors illustration. From 1933 to 1935 Les had it pretty rough. However, by 1935 his situation improved greatly; Les illustrated a book or two and landed quite a few two-color illustration jobs with *Country Gentleman*. At this point, Les was back on his feet and doing nicely — in the middle of the Depression.

In 1937, Les got a fateful letter from his old friend Roy, who was in Cleveland. Roy, working alone on 'Wash Tubbs' (Bela Zaboly did the lettering) since 1924, was near exhaustion, and needed help. NEA suggested Roy take a trip to Europe, to relax for six weeks. Yet someone had to keep 'Wash Tubbs' going and that someone was old friend Les. Roy and Les were again in contact with each other — Roy wanting, and needing, Les' help on the strip in Cleveland. Les' decision to leave New York was the most difficult of his life; he'd finally established himself in the New York market. Les, taking less money, decided to work for his old friend Roy.

What a scary situation: Les was in Cleveland to help his old friend Roy out of a jam. Roy's plan was to write six weeks' strips of Wash Tubbs, have Les draw the strips so he, Roy, could take off. But Les hadn't worked in comics; he was a magazine illustrator, he worked with brush, not pen, and he worked large on the originals. Somehow, he got it done, and NEA was very understanding. After the European trip, Roy came back to Cleveland and Les continued helping him. Roy and Les and their families moved to Florida in 1938, and when Roy signed with King in 1943 to do Buz Sawyer, Les was a natural to continue Captain Easy. Les worked on the strip for 27 years, drawing more than 10,000 strips.

I visited Roy on a Saturday afternoon in September, 1976. He was still very much involved with Buz Sawyer. His long-time assistant Hank Schlensker was drawing the strip, Ed Granberry and Roy were doing the continuity. Roy and his wife Ebba were living in another lavish home, near the one they'd lived in in the 50's, south of Orlando.

Roy's studio setup had changed. There was no longer a drawing board, since Hank was doing the drawing. The paneled-studio was lined with awards, plaques, citations—and a few Buz Sawyer originals. The chairs and couch were plush, fit for an Arabian sheik. Roy hadn't changed very much: his eyes were alert and piercing, his hair still dark but the mustache was white and he had a paunch. Like his friend Les, he talked quietly with a soft, pleasing Texas accent. (Though both Roy and Les injected great humor into their strips, I never once heard them laugh out loud). And talk we did, mostly about cartooning.

We were in Roy's studio for an hour when suddenly, he suggested we go out for a bite to eat. In Roy's Porsche sports car we drove to the Captain's Table, a restaurant on South Orange Avenue, in Orlando. The place was closed. Roy muttered. He had wanted to show me an oil painting he'd done, which was on display in the restaurant.

Leaving there, we drove south to Pine Castle, a small town near Roy's home, and pulled into a small beer-and-sandwich place. It was my kind of place: pinball machine, juke box, workingman clientele. Over beers and sandwiches Roy talked about his years in cartooning. I got the feeling he took greater delight in his Wash Tubbs work. Perhaps he felt that in the early days the comics looked their best in six or seven column wide format. "In the early days," Roy said, "cars and planes were more simply designed—and a cartoonist could make 'em look funnier. The cars today, they're big, wide, enclosed things. You can't do a thing with 'em!" But Roy took a great deal of satisfaction in his Wash Tubbs work. The last drawing Roy drew—a week before he died—was of Wash and Easy in Jim Ivey's Wash Tubbs book, which Roy sent to Dick Moores, in Asheville, N.C.

According to Les, Roy's drawing speed was incredible, if not legendary. Les told me of the time, a year or two before he started working for Roy, when Roy and Ebba had planned a trip to Carmel, California. Roy was all set to leave, had two plane tickets—but Herb Walker of NEA insisted Roy have two weeks' strips before leaving. Roy had no choice, so he did two weeks' strips (Les believes these two weeks of Wash Tubbs were of a prize fight sequence with Lulu Belle and Easy out West). The amazing thing was, Roy did the two weeks' strips in 24 hours. And Roy didn't miss the plane.

During their long careers, neither Roy nor Les could get ahead easily, to take a break or a vacation. The paradoxical things about Roy's method of working was, fast as he was at drawing, the writing slowed him down. Les recalls their early days in Cleveland when they'd both be working on the same strip, cut in half. There were times when Roy, dissatisfied, would re-do a daily strip as many as five times. This is the sort of thing that keeps syndicate people on edge—but produces great comic art.

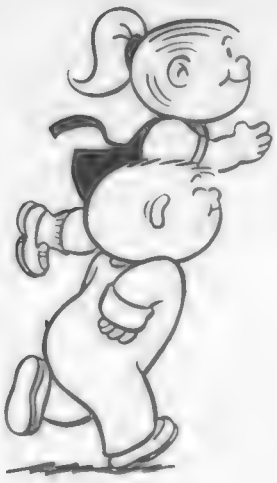
Both Roy and Les had a knack for solid storytelling and knew how to show mood-evoking scenes. Roy and Les' scenes were far-flung—an African jungle, an outpost in the Arctic, a tiny village in the Pacific, a hard scrabble town in West Texas. And in each locale, the reader could feel the place.

Roy, without a doubt, was one of the best innovators in comics history. He was masterly in one area: special effects. His scenes of ocean water, of eerie nights, of steamy jungles, or Florida skies and African plains were superb art. And those explosions and bomb blasts seemed to rip right out of the newspaper comics page. Today, in the movie world, "Star Wars" is all the rage because of the special effects, which required many technicians and mechanical doo-dads to achieve. But it was Roy, one guy behind a drawing board, who produced some of the best special effects ever printed.

Roy and Les devoted their lives and their talent to the comics page, working hard and smoking tons of cigarettes. They worked under tremendous pressure for many years and at times under difficult conditions. Les, for example, had had an operation in 1968 for a detached retina, leaving him with double vision. During the last two years of his career, he could only work by covering his left eye. And Roy had his own health problems, yet both men worked diligently because they were professionals.

Roy and Les' strips go on, done by their assistants. Hank Schlensker and Ed Granberry are doing Buz Sawyer; Bill Crooks and Jim Lawrence continue Captain Easy. And so the cycle continues. . .

Bob Zschiesche



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Photo—Markow-Phoenix

One of the truly funny cartoonists in the business, Bil Keane, who draws "The Family Circus" and lives in Paradise Valley, Arizona, here grants another of his famous inane interviews.

Q: First, Bil Keane, I would like to thank you for allowing us this time out of your busy schedule to do an interview.

A: It's more than a pleasure. It's a downright inconvenience. Where will this appear?

Q: In CARTOONIST PROfiles. And it will also appear in the Greater Buffalo Press. Have you ever been in that section of New York State?

A: Once when I was younger I toured up into Canada.

Q: Did you come by way of Buffalo?

A: No, by train.

Q: This desert setting is delightful, Bil. Most people in Arizona have migrated here from someplace else. Have you lived here all your life?

A: Not yet.

Q: Where did you come from?

A: Well, you see the male sperm unites with the ovum and the . . .

Q: Let's move on.

A: Let's not. I kind of like it here. It sure beats Philadelphia where I used to live.

Q: How do you find life in the desert?

A: Oh, just turn over a rock and a

"I know you won't believe it, but this beautiful young gal icing the cupcakes is really my mom."

"I can't come out. I'm being punished."

scorpion runs out, or poke a stick in a hole and a lizard will . . .

Q: Do you mind the heat?

A: Only when it's hot.

Q: Do you find the atmosphere conducive to creative endeavor?

A: No, but it's good for drawing cartoons.

Q: Your "FAMILY CIRCUS" is syndicated all over the U.S., is it not?

A: Further. I'm in quite a few papers in Texas, too.

Q: How many papers carry the cartoon?

A: Well, let's see. The Philadelphia Bulletin . . . that's one. The Milwaukee Journal . . . that's two. The Detroit . . .

Q: This will take all night. I've read where you are in more than 600 papers. I've also read where you thought of the idea for the feature while driving in your car. Tell us about how you got it started.

A: I just turned the key in the ignition and brrrruuuum!

Q: Most cartoonists draw themselves to some extent. Some say Charlie Brown is in reality Charles Schulz, the creator of "Peanuts". Do you do that?

A: No, Schulz does it. I do "Family Circus."

Q: Isn't the father in "Family Circus" really a caricature of the creator?

A: Never. I wouldn't ridicule God like that.

Q: The cartoon you drew recently showing the family eating breakfast was so typical. Was it drawn from your own breakfast table?

A: No, I have a drawing board in my studio. I never work in the kitchen.

Q: You must have a lot of fans.

A: No, just one big air conditioning unit, but it keeps the studio cool. Especially in the winter.

Q: Your first animated special was televised by NBC in February. How was it received?

A: On TV sets.

Q: What was the rating?

A: I believe it was rated G. That means adults may see it if accompanied by a child.

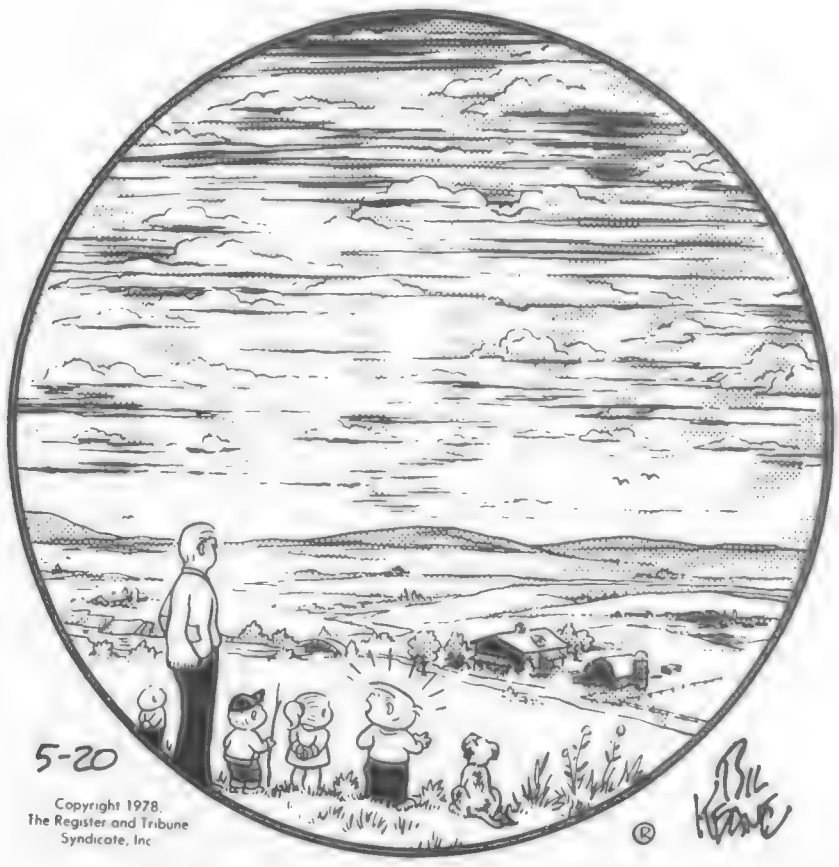
Q: Are you going to have another?

A: No. Both my wife and I feel that five children are enough.

Q: Aren't you working on a Christmas special?

A: As a matter of fact, yes.

Q: Would you care to elaborate?



"Is it an ad for something, Daddy?"

A: I don't think so. I like to work alone. I don't elaborate with anybody.

Q: That's not true. Didn't you once do a book with Erma Bombeck?

A: Right. I'm the only guy other than her husband Bill who's been between the covers with Erma.

Q: "Family Circus" is being used in a national advertising campaign, is it not?

A: Yes. I'm doing some things for the S.C. Johnson Co., plugging a soil and stain remover. It's a good campaign.

Q: "Shout It Out".

A: I SAID I'M DOING SOME THINGS FOR . . .

Q: Who is handling it?

A: Mostly housewives on washday.

Q: I mean what advertising agency?

A: I can never think of its name. Foote, Something and Belding.

Q: Cone?

A: No, thanks. Ice cream is fattening.

Q: You seem to remain in good condition. How do you exercise?

A: The same way Bjorn Borg does.

Q: Tennis?

A: No thanks, I've already played today. And besides, I had a few drinks after we finished that two hour match.

Q: Doubles?

A: No, one shot in a drink is enough for me. By the way, where did you say this interview will appear?

Q: In CARTOONIST PROfiles and The Greater Buffalo Press.

A: Okay, that's four. The Detroit News . . . that's five. The Miami Herald . . . that's six. The . . .

(Interview called because of darkness).

JERRY DUMAS says that he enjoyed writing the following piece in which he tells how and why he eliminated pen and ink *from his daily and Sunday production of the SAM & SILO strip which is distributed by King Features Syndicate. Jerry says that all of us cartoonists spend a lot of time doing things such as those he mentions here — things that are usually never talked about, at least in print.*

I no longer use pen and ink. The last time I dipped a Gillott 170 pen point into a bottle of Higgins black waterproof ink was eight months ago, when I inked my last BEETLE BAILEY Sunday page.

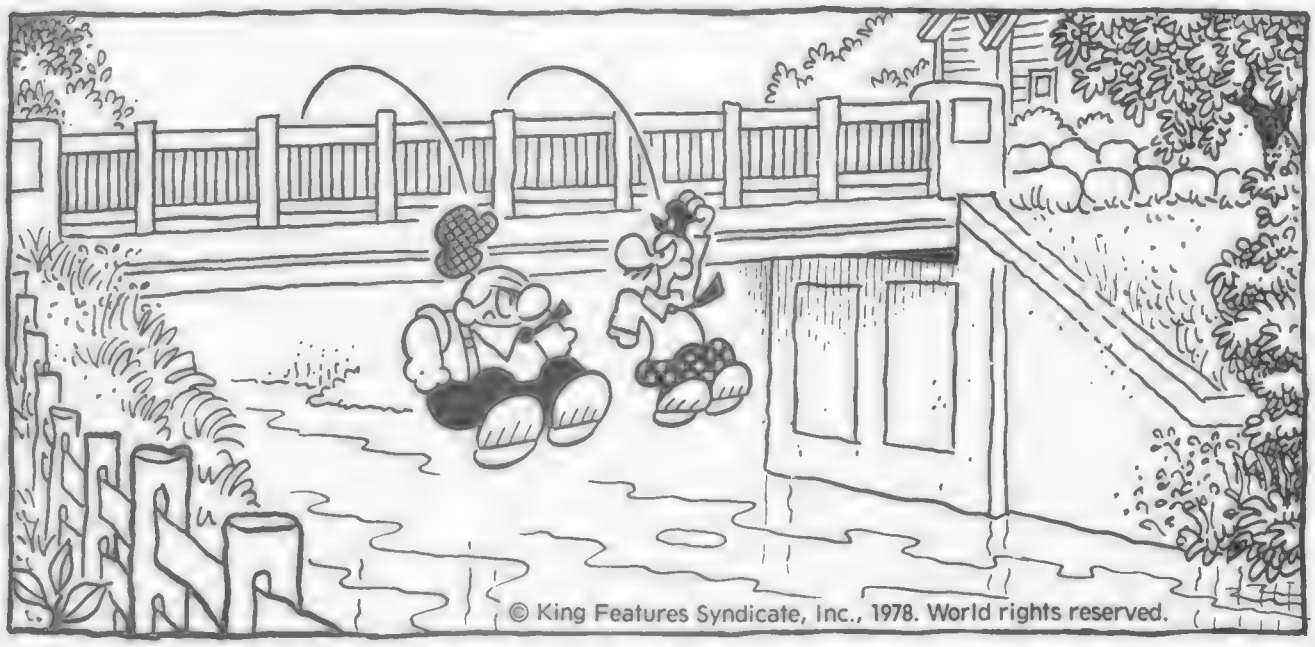
I lettered BEETLE for 22 years. For the final twelve years I used just one pen holder, yellow, and one pen point, a Jackson Stub. It too is gathering dust with the other pen holders in a cup on the shelf. It is sheer delight to be done with all that dipping. You all know how that goes: "Darn, didn't dip it in far enough. Dip it in again. Whoops, dipped it in too far. How much ink is in there, anyway? Gotta look in the bottle as I dip. Maybe I should fill it up to the top so I can see the level. And why is the ink so gray? Didn't I shake it? Yeah, I shook it. There are spots on the wall to prove it. Damn! Ink blot! Where did

SAVING TIME

By

Jerry Dumas

SAM AND SILO



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This SAM & SILO Sunday page was done in Pen and Ink. Lettering: Jackson Stub. Linework: Gillott 170. Other: Speedball B-6. It was drawn exactly this size.

that come from? Where is the electric eraser? My arm is tired.

Sam and Silo began a year and a half ago. For the first year my weekly schedule went like this: write and sketch out 20 gags for Beetle, Hi and Lois, and Boner's Ark, but mostly for Beetle; ink the Sunday Beetle page; write as many Sam and Silo gags as possible; pencil and ink the daily and Sunday Sam and Silo strips.

I thought it could all be done, and done easily, but it couldn't. The writing seemed more important than the inking, so the Beetle Sunday page went. Besides, 22 years of drawing jeeps and barracks and army cots and entire platoons standing at attention was really enough.

But if I wasn't going to give up my twice a week handball, more time would have to be found. Moreover, I wanted to have a little time to waste, something we all need in order to keep our sanity, if we have any.

An old saying goes: "We hurry from place to place, saving time, only to use the saved time to hurry on." That isn't true of me. I stand around, piddling my saved time away. Easily distracted, I look in the closet for a cardboard stiffener and see an electric fan. Reasoning that we don't need the fan till next summer, so what is it doing in here with the art supplies, I move the fan, a tennis racquet and some loose ping pong balls to the sports closet. (A month later I will wonder who put the fan in with the sports stuff.) Then I move some furnace filters out of the sports closet to the basement and transport a hammer and a box of nails from the basement to the garage, where I wind up pitching winter driveway markers into a trash can ("Zero out of one . . . one out of two . . . one out of three . . . ")

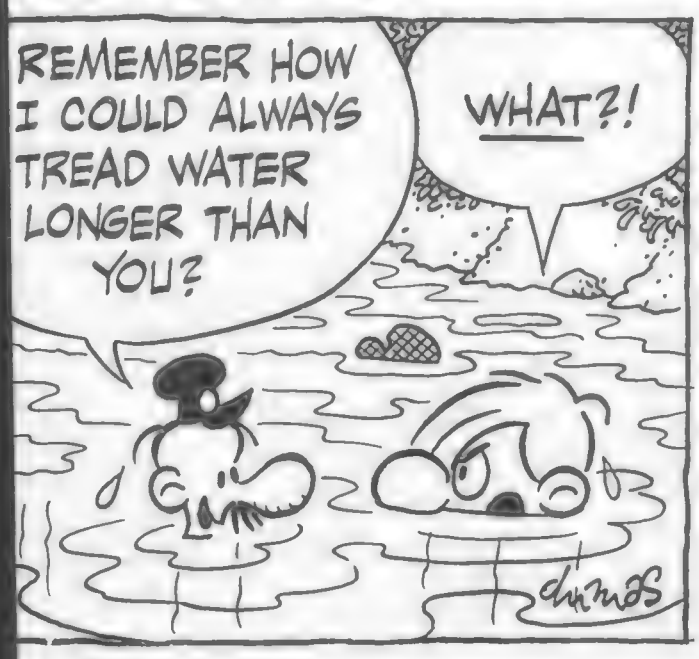
If I was going to preserve time for essentials such as these, more time would have to be saved somewhere. I began to investigate new materials in the art stores, which is another important thing to do if you are trying to avoid work.

Many years ago Mort and I inked Beetle with a Number two brush. I'm sorry if that sounds as if we both clung intently to the same brush — we've never worked *that* closely. We used a brush for a year and then went back to pen and ink. Another year the Beetle strips were done with a fiber tip. We eventually disliked the look of it and abandoned that too. There were smearing and bleeding problems and the fiber tips did not hold up for long. In the intervening years, however, there have been great improvements, and I wouldn't be surprised to be told that I was the last to get wind of them. I know that many cartoonists I see regularly have tried all the forms of rapidographs and various markers and have usually returned to ink and pen holders. Maybe I will, too. But for the moment, a certain combination of marker and paper is not causing any problems, and is saving time besides.

The problem with most fiber tips is this: if they don't smear, they bleed. If they don't bleed, they smear. Isn't there one, I wondered, that has a sharp line that did neither? I tried out 18 or 20, and finally found two that seemed satisfactory . . . and here is how Sam and Silo is drawn today, in about two-thirds the time it took to do it in pen and ink:

The paper is a Magic Visualizer pad, 14 inches by 17 inches, 50 sheets to a pad. It isn't tracing paper, but you can see through it. I like to place the rough gag sketch beneath and start jockeying the composition of the finish around from there. The finished dailies are thirteen inches long . . . Sunday pages are done actual size. Three daily strips or two Sunday pages can be done on one sheet of paper. At my local art store a pad of paper costs $3.40. One pad of

BY JERRY DUMAS AND MORT WALKER



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paper can supply a half a year of dailies or two years of Sundays. Mailing cost of a week of strips: 57 cents.

Penciling is done with a blue pencil. The only time a strip gets erased now is when it goes up on someone's wall. Of all the drudgery associated with producing a comic strip, it always seemed to me that erasing was the most drudgerous. Once you've gone through the torture of thinking up ideas, making layouts, penciling, and inking the strips, to be asked to erase is asking too much. Besides, erasing on flimsy paper leads to wrinkles and divorces.

The regular lettering is done with a Pilot Razor Point. Heavy lettering is done with a Sharpie. Sharpies bleed a little, but the slight fuzzy edges vanish in reduction. Black areas are put in with a Sharpie. I used to dislike doing blacks, but now I sort of enjoy it, just as I've always enjoyed lettering. It is a primitive kind of work, almost mindless, like cutting grass.

This daily was done in Pen and Ink.

I KNOW I PUT IT SOME-WHERE
SILO DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HE HID THE AMMUNITION
FOOM
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dumas 7-21

Jerry used both pen and ink and fiber tips in doing various parts of this Sunday page. See if you can guess where he used pen and then where fiber was used.

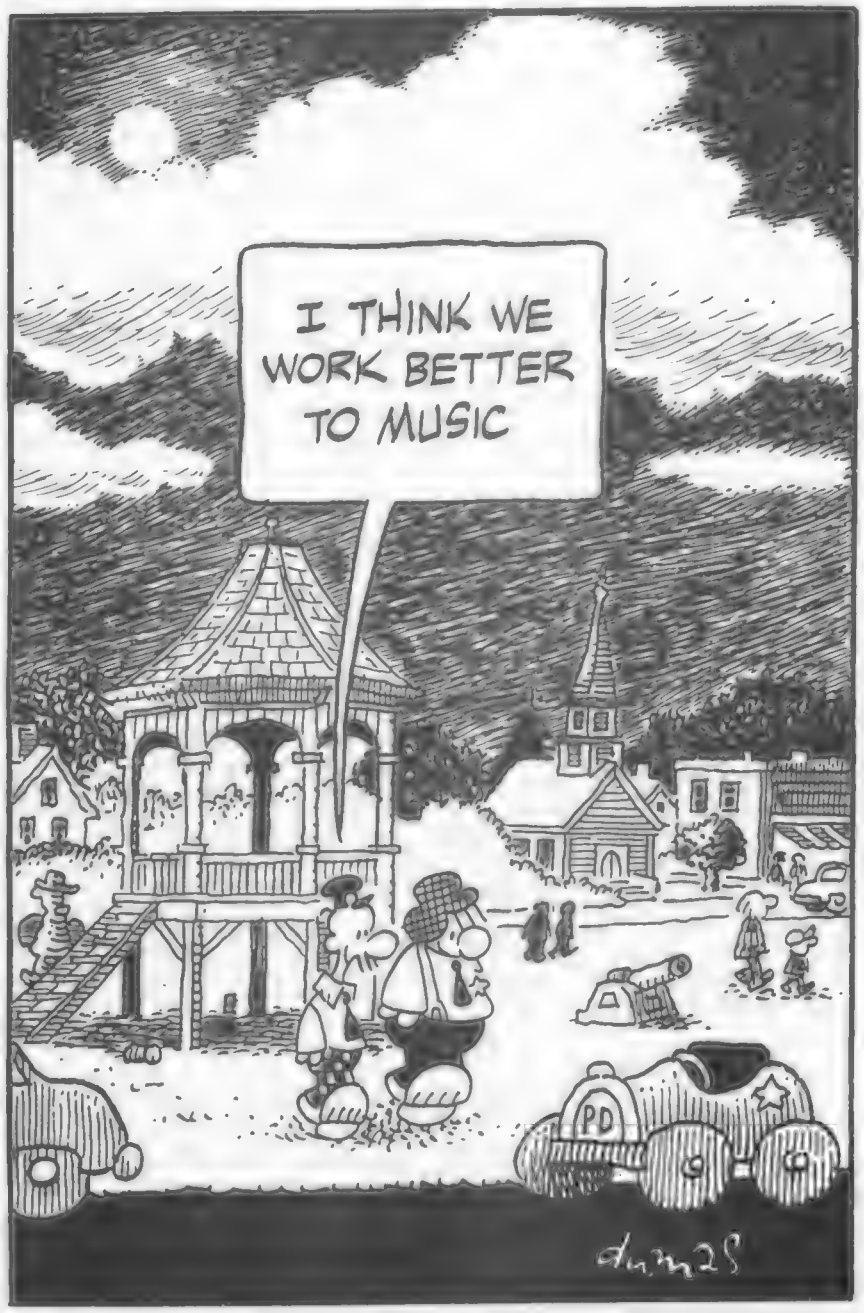
DID YOU SEE ME TELLING THOSE BOYS TO STOP BOTHERING THE ROBERTS GIRLS?
YEAH! THAT WAS WHILE I WAS TELLING JIMMY GERSTNER NOT TO WRITE ON THE CANNON

The "inking" of the figures and backgrounds is done with a Sanford's Expresso Fine Point 0.3 MM 69. Get the Fine Point; the larger sizes bleed. This line will not smear on this paper unless you keep accidentally dropping one hand in the fish tank.

Mistakes are corrected with Liquid Paper. In less than ten seconds I can draw the little line wrong again the second time.

A copy is made of each strip on the studio copier. Johnny Hart recommended a Xerox 3100 copier, and it turned out to be superior to the one we had been using. The copies look better than the originals, with embossed lines and bright glossy blacks. The copies are mailed to the syndicate and the originals go into the closet. But mailing costs are minimal, whichever is sent.

So those are the advantages. What are the disadvantages? The paper is slightly difficult to work with. The edges some-



SIGH

CHRISTMAS EVE, AND I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING FOR SAM YET

AND THE YEAR BEFORE THAT I GOT HIM THOSE TWO-TONED NAIL CLIPPERS AND A SET OF MOOSE ANTLERS PAINTED BLUE...
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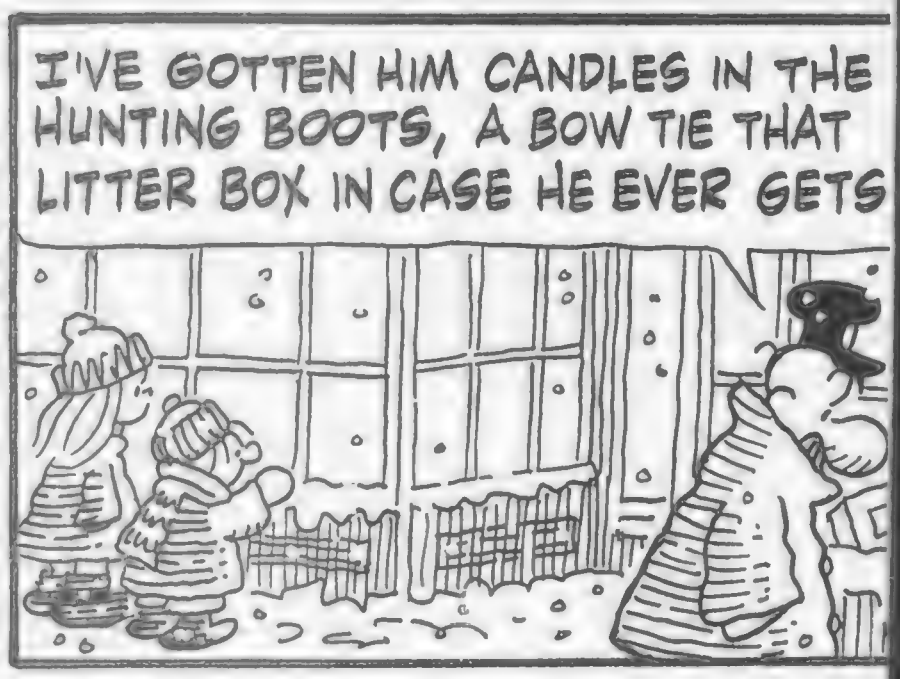
I'VE GOTTEN HIM CANDLES IN THE HUNTING BOOTS, A BOW TIE THAT LITTER BOX IN CASE HE EVER GETS

COME OUTA THERE WITH YOUR HANDS UP, RATSO!
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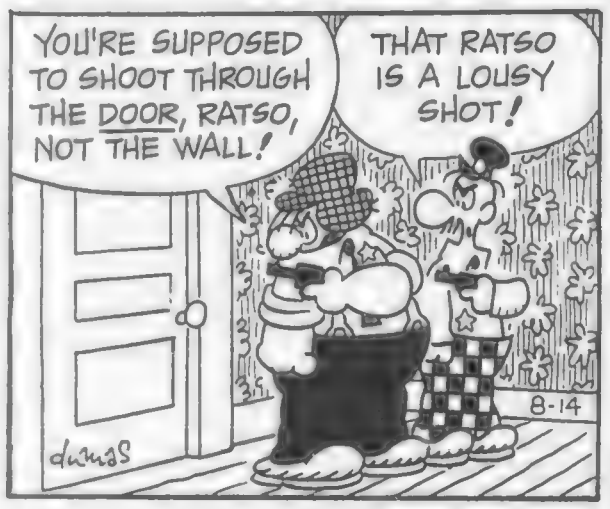
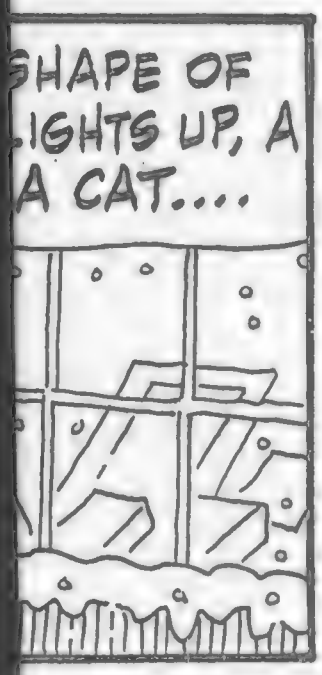
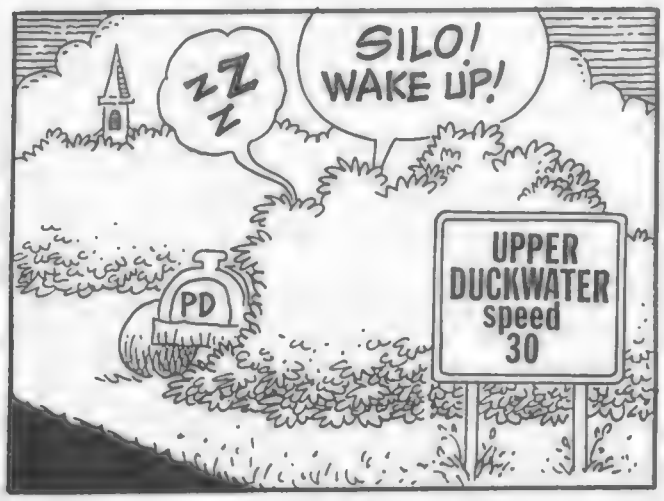
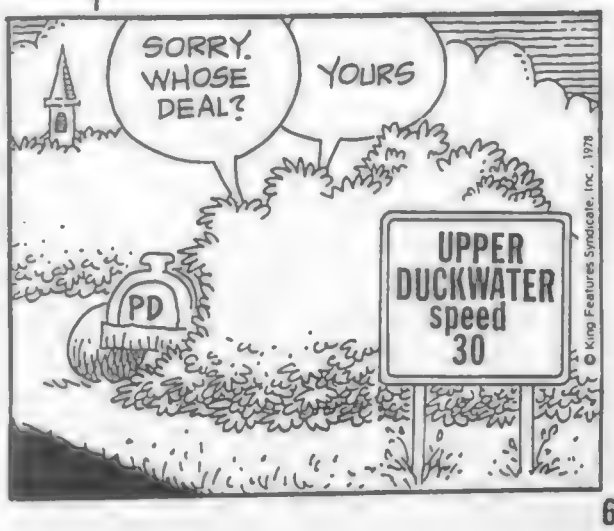
BLAM!

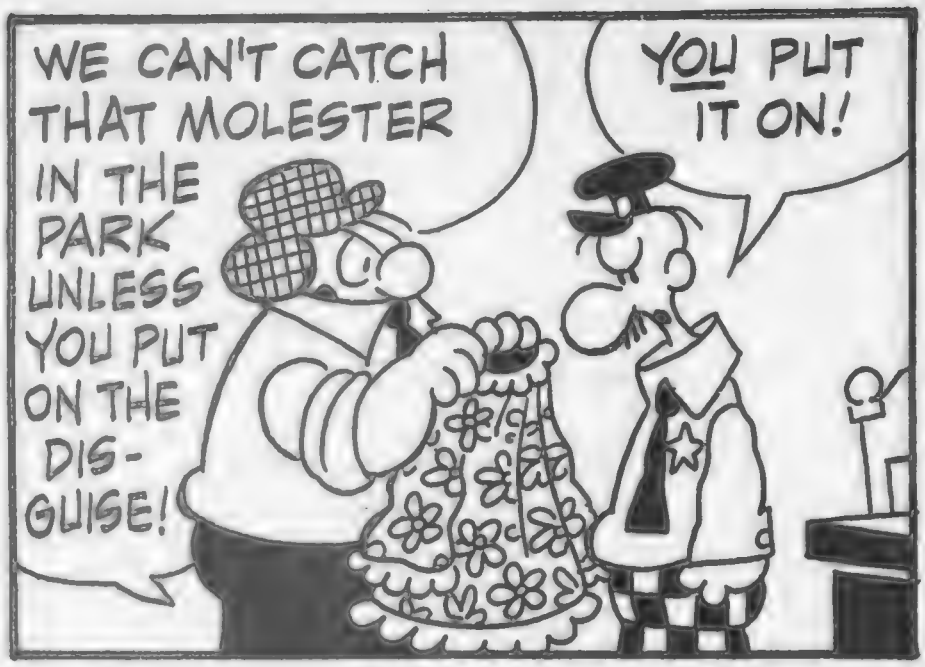

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SHOOT THROUGH THE DOOR, RATSO, NOT THE WALL!
THAT RATSO IS A LOUSY SHOT!
8-14
dumas



The above Sunday page, drawn with a Fiber Tip, appears here exactly the size it was drawn by Jerry Dumas. The 3 daily strips were done with a Fiber Tip and were drawn 13" in width.







Shown here the same size the original was drawn.

Sunday page above done with Fiber Tips. Lettering: Pilot Razor Point. Linework: Sanford's Expresso Fine Point 0.3 MM 69. Other: Sharpie 49. Strip below done with Fiber Tip 13" wide in the original.

times curl up. But we all have masking tape. The Pilot Razor Points are not waterproof. Drooling over or spitting at your work is out.

If you like a graduated line, going from thin to thick and back to thin, say, you have to do the line twice. Sometimes more.

And I guess the originals don't look as good. They have a kind of temporary look. Charley McAdam at McNaught Syndicate asked for a certain SAM AND SILO original, and I sent it to him. When he received it, he called and said, "No, I wanted the original." I assured him that he had it. I don't know if he ever quite believed me.

IT'S ODD-SOME DAYS WE PATROL THE STREETS AND NOBODY'S AROUND-
AND OTHER DAYS, EVERY-BODY IS OUT!
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10-23

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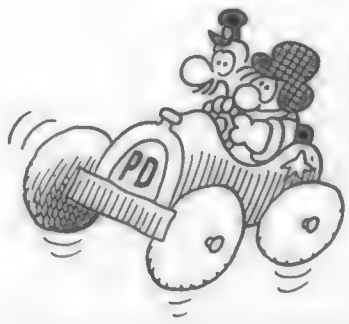
I don't really know if the "quality of line" is as good with fiber tips as it is with pen and ink. But maybe that isn't important anymore. With strip reproduction getting ever smaller, perhaps the only important point is that the line be visible. And in to the paper on time.

Which brings us to the ultimate question: if I can save so darn much time using the new technology, how come I'm so close to the deadline? Well, this week it was the cat's fault. He woke me out of a sound sleep at three a.m., see? Wanted out or fed or some damn thing, but went under a table instead. I was too tired to work, too wide-awake to sleep, and . . . well, it's a long story. ●



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I. KLEIN

Here's another in our series of reminiscent animation articles by former Disney artist, and New Yorker cartoonist, I. KLEIN.

Photo by Cori Wells Braun.

I. Klein (1978) standing in front of his self-portrait painted in 1923.

ANTICIPATION & PREPARATION FOR MY CAREER AS A CARTOONIST

My first published cartoons appeared in a Newark, New Jersey neighborhood weekly newspaper in 1914. I was in my teen-age years. World War One just began blasting its guns. The name of the paper was *The New Jersey Mosquito.* Four of my drawings appeared in four successive weeks. I was working at my first full time job — apprentice to a sign painter. This was a three man shop ... a master sign painter, a salesman who was partner in the business and an apprentice. The boss sign painter had a connection with *The Mosquito.* He did an occasional illustration for that sheet. By that time I already had about one season of art schooling — evenings — at a Newark art school. Also a great deal of self-teaching at cartooning, ever since I could hold a pencil and read the funny papers.

One afternoon a man came up to the sign shop. He looked like a character representing an artist in a play ... broad brimmed black hat, black cape and flowing Windsor tie. Also baggy pants. The conversation between the character and the sign painter was loud enough for me to hear. I quickly caught on that this was the editor of *The Mosquito.* On a sudden impulse, as the man was leaving, I asked him if he would print a cartoon of mine if I drew it up. He answered that he would if it was good enough for publication. To me that was an acceptance in advance. My boss watched this dialogue with raised eyebrows, but said nothing.

Now I had to think up a cartoon idea. An idea came to me as I walked home from work the same day, sparked by all the war talk everywhere and a sign over a doorway reading *Russian Baths.* This was a type of steam bath establishment in some neighborhoods where bathing facilities were not part of housing. Two men were standing in the doorway right under the Russian Baths sign. They were in earnest discussion of some sort. Several sparks flashed through my mind ... The War, American neutrality, the fighting countries ... That evening I got started on a drawing of the scene I had witnessed in front of the Russian bath. One man, in my cartoon, was starting to walk away, gesticulating ... the line: something about his not going into a Russian bath because we Americans must remain strictly neutral. The editor of *The New Jersey Mosquito* liked it and published it. *A very big moment for me.*

I followed with three more cartoons which were printed in the following three weeks. After the fourth cartoon was printed, my boss said to me: "I think you should stop drawing those cartoons. That paper has a regular contributing cartoonist. He is the son of one of my regular customers. He is older than you and planning to get married. He needs that extra money." As a humanitarian, and on instructions from my boss, I ended my first splash as a published cartoonist. When I told my older brother David (seven years my senior) that I was asked by my employer to desist from doing more of those cartoons for humanitarian reasons, Dave laughed: "That guy you are working for doesn't want his kid apprentice to be cartooning for the same paper with him." Several years earlier, before I had any practical art supplies required by an ambitious young cartoonist aged about 11½, I was presented with a box of watercolors by a friend of my brother. Charlie was the only name I knew him by. He was a husky fellow, blond hair, with an ear-to-ear grin. He worked as an electrician's helper. One day Charlie came to our home to see Dave, but it turned out that he also was there to see me. He pulled out a flat tin box from his pocket, handed it to me, saying: "Dave says you are gonna be an artist. You'll need this. I picked it up in a store where I was doing a job." It was a box of watercolors. After Charlie left, Dave said, "I don't think Charlie paid for that box of watercolors. Things stick to his fingers when he walks through a store."

There was another gift given to me by Charlie-of-the-taking-ways: The main office of The Prudential Insurance Company, back in those days as it is now is in Newark New Jersey. Their large office building was one of Newark's landmarks. Prudential's slogan then, as it is now, is "Firm As The Rock Of Gibraltar". Charlie happened to be in the basement of that building in his capacity of Electrician's Helper, doing an electrical repair job. As Charlie told it to David ... there was a huge chunk of stone in one corner of the basement which looked important ... his boss told him it was a specimen of the real Rock of Gibraltar. Charlie knew I was making a small rock collection in connection with my school work. (This was several years after the watercolor box thing.) To quote Charlie: "I figured your kid brother needed a piece of this rock for his collection, so I chipped off this hunk." In other words, long before Prudential added to their slogan: "Own a piece of The Rock", I literally owned a piece of The Rock of Gibraltar.

Poor Charlie. He had an early death. He fell down an elevator shaft, not seeing that there was no elevator when he walked in through its open door. That was several years later during the Prohibition era. Charlie was engaged in some form of bootlegging. My brother Dave informed me about this fatal accident, adding that he did not think it was an accident.

I had a pretty thorough art education. Starting at the age of fifteen, at Newark's Fawcett drawing school, I completed a four year evening course. First drawing in charcoal from still lifes and on to drawing from models in pastels and pen and ink. Overlapping for about six years at The National Academy and other art schools in New York, studying drawing, painting and etching. I also took two extended European tours, sketching and visiting museums. However, I had no schooling in cartooning or in gag writing, but I had already set up my own form of cartooning education. Starting at the age of six or seven, I copied the comics in The New York Journal and the prize fighter drawings on the sport pages. I developed a reputation on my block as the kid artist. I must have been pretty good since it led to my first commission.

I was sitting on the steps outside the four family house where we lived, when two fellows, about my brother's age, approached me. One I recognized as living somewhere further up the block or around the corner. The other was a stranger. The stranger said: "Are you the kid what draws so good?" "Yes" was my unabashed reply. "Well, here is a chance to make some money. I'll give you a nickel when you make

Drawing by I.Klein, © The New Yorker Magazine Inc.

"Will you buy a copy, Mum? It will help me work my way through college."

five copies of this here picture." The picture was puzzling to me, but quite clear as I recall it now. It was an outline drawing of a metallic robot having sexual activity with a human girl. The fellow handed me a letter-size sheet of white paper and a pencil. I started to make my first copy right there in the steps. I hadn't progressed very far when I heard my brother Dave's voice asking what was going on. My art patron answered: "The kid is making some copies for me. I'm paying him some money." Dave took one look at the original and without a word he punched my patron in the jaw. No fight followed. The guy grabbed the art work and fled, followed by his friend.

My cartoon horizons expanded when my big brother brought home a *Life* magazine. *Life* magazine at that time was a humorous weekly. It was full of cartoons drawn in illustrative form with a joke caption underneath. The jokes were often an exchange in dialogue between two people, male and female. "He and she" jokes as they were often called. The pictures in *Life* were hard to copy. I read and absorbed the jokes. Very often the "funny lines" did not seem funny to me. I also studied the editorial cartoons in our local newspaper, *The Newark News.* That paper had a fine editorial cartoonist, Charles R. Bowers. (Years later Bowers was my employer at The Mutt and Jeff animated cartoon studio. Charles R. Bowers was a very early pioneer of animated cartoon films.)

A cartoonist I copied for anatomy lessons was T.A. Dorgan (Tad). Tad's accomplishments as a cartoonist were manifold, but for copying purposes, his drawings of prize fighters had that additional purpose of physical structure. I particularly liked the way he drew the ex-heavyweight champion, Bob Fitzsimmons, tall, broad shouldered and full of freckles. One day I recognized a man to be Bob Fitzsimmons from my earnest study of Tad's drawings. I was rambling along on Market Street in downtown Newark when I saw a man sitting on one of those raised platform shoe shine stands, in front of a saloon. The man was sunning himself. (There was no shoeshine man at work). He sure looked like Bob Fitzsimmons though unlike Tad's drawings, he was dressed in street clothes. The only exposed part of his body was his face which was freckled. But what was the great Fitzsimmons doing in Newark New Jersey? His identity was confirmed by one of the students of the evening art school. We happened to leave the school one night and walked several blocks together. By way of conversation this boy told me that his father owned a saloon on Market Street ... that their family lived in an apartment above the saloon ... that an old friend of his father's was a guest at their home ... the great heavyweight boxing champion.

Another source for my cartoon study was a once important humorous magazine, *Puck.* Its covers were always political in nature, as were the inside double-folds. They were colored lithographs. I found a book store not too far from the Public Library on Broad Street that sold old books and magazines. The magazines were sold for pennies. The period when I patronized this store was between 1907 and about 1910. The Puck magazines were of the 1880's and 1890's. Some loose pages and several covers are still in my possession. One cover is dated October 2, 1889. It uses the theme of Little Red Riding Hood and the big bad wolf. Little Red Riding Hood is President Benjamin Harrison. The basket he is bringing for grandmother is labeled "SURPLUS". The wolf wears an army uniform and represents The Grand Army of the Republic (G.A.R.) which carried heavy political power in post Civil War days. The caption: *The Little Republican Red Riding Hood and the Grand Army Wolf.* (Sub-caption: "What have you in that basket, my dear?") The cartoonist was F. Opper, who later created Happy Hooligan and other famous comic strip characters. F. Opper was an active cartoon contributor to this magazine's inside pages too.

There was a center-fold that I still remember quite clearly although, unfortunately, it has long ago vanished except in my memory. It was a colored lithograph of a heavily wooded swampland. A will-o-the-wisp was flying ahead, carrying a bright object, enticing a group of men with outstretched arms into the deep mire of the swamp. The swamp was labeled "Bankruptcy." The men were "Investors". The bright object "Electric light". The Will-o-the-wisp was tagged: *Thomas A. Edison.* The caption implied that the electric light was a worthless investment. As a cartoon it was a clear statement, though a misguided one. (I wish my grandfather had invested in this worthless Edison stock).

That musty bookstore also had stacks of the humorous weekly *Life* magazine. They also dated back two decades before the turn of the century. My own cartooning career eventually tied up with *Life.* After I became a regular *New Yorker* contributor, starting in 1925, other publications bought my cartoons. *Life* magazine published a great number of my drawings.

While I was still a kid I made my initial assault on the press, first on our local paper, *The Newark Evening News;* secondly on the above mentioned *Life* magazine. The cartoon I sent to the newspaper was advice to Uncle Sam to "SWAT THAT FLY". The fly was labeled "PANCHO VILLA", who raided a Texas border town. The cartoon I sent to *Life* showed a man sitting on a keg of powder at a construction site. A lighted fuse was attached to the keg. A watchman was shouting: "Run or you will lose your life!" Man: "Don't worry, I can always buy a new *Life* at any newsstand." I received no response from the *Newark News* or *Life* magazine. But, a month later, *Life* magazine published my "lose your life

"Well, if it isn't our old schoolteacher..."

During the thirties, cartoonist I. Klein
gave the public a new phrase—the above title. And here's how it happened:

"Well, if it isn't Miss Fiditch, our old schoolteacher."

"Well, if it isn't Miss Fiditch, our old schoolteacher."

cartoon" drawn by one of their regular contributing cartoonists. I felt cheated, but also gratified that my gag made it. As to my newspaper cartoon, I was on the beam gag-wise and to my own satisfaction ... not too long afterwards a punitive expedition was sent into Mexico "to swat that fly!"

Some years later in 1914, as I noted at the start of this article, my first published cartoon appeared in a neighborhood newspaper. I was still attending evening art classes. Soon after I had a page published in a magazine, *The New Jersey Motorist.* That was a big thrill but it had its let-down. This is how it came about: On the school bulletin board was posted a notice of a cartoon competition for a magazine called *The New Jersey Motorist,* a monthly publication. The theme ... a page of a group of cartoons about motoring in New Jersey. The prize offered was ten dollars. I submitted my entry and shortly afterwards received notice that I was the winner. A copy of the magazine with my drawings was included with the good news. The page with my cartoons and the notice that I was the winner appeared on the school's bulletin board. I was congratulated by my art teacher and by some of the students. I now waited for my ten dollar check. No check came. A month and a half passed. I decided on a bold move. I went to the office of *The New Jersey Motorist* in downtown Newark, to beard the lion in its den. It so happened that the editor had a leonine appearance with a mane of white hair and an aggressive scowl. When I identified myself, his scowl changed to a broad smile and he gave me a hearty handshake. "Ah, you would like some extra copies of your cartoon." He scooped up a dozen or so copies of the magazine, handed them to me and patted me on my shoulder. "There you are my boy, be happy."

I blurted out: "How about the ten dollar prize?" His answer: "I see you did not understand the rules. The contest runs for three months in three issues of our magazine. The best cartoon of the three issues wins the big ten dollar prize." I just looked at him without responding. After a few moments of thought he said: "Well, as a matter of fact we received no entries for issue number two. We will terminate the contest". He reached into a cash box on his desk. "Here is one third of the ten dollar prize, three dollars and thirty three cents". When I told my art teacher about the prize money, he blew his top, swearing like a trooper, but nothing further was done about it. The issue was closed.

I must note here that the idea of my entering the profession of sign painting came from my first art teacher at Fawcett Drawing School. It was his response, when I asked him how I could get a start in professional art work. He said that in the past, sign painting was a respectable part of the art profession. I should get a job with a sign painter. I followed his advice. I spent a whole day going to one sign shop after another in downtown Newark. By late afternoon I landed a job. It was here where I met the editor of the paper which published my first cartoons.

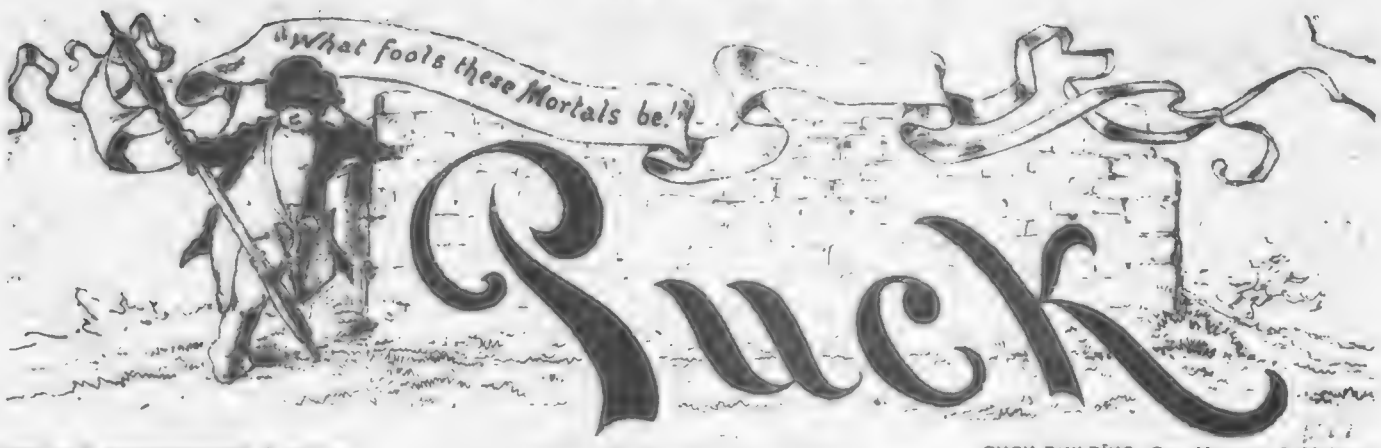
About a year and a half later the shop ran into a slump but instead of firing me, my boss recommended me to a small maker of awnings and window shades. They needed a sign painter to paint the lettering on the fringes of store awnings, like: *Joseph Stultz, Bakery,* or *Tafuri Tonsorial Parlor* or just plain *Barbershop.* That job turned out just fine. I was paid quite well. During all this period I never forgot my ambition to be a cartoonist. From time to time I'd sent cartoons to *Life* magazine and to *Judge* magazine. They were always returned with printed rejection slips. I had some comfort in having been published in that neighborhood paper and in *The New Jersey Motorist.* I expected sooner or later more important doors to be opened. A year and a half later, on the recommendation of one of my art teachers, I got a position as a letterer in a New York firm, located in the Wall Street area in an office building. No more overalls and paint splashes. I sat at a drawing board dressed in a business suit. From there I took an unexpected step, a position in the animated cartoon profession. I went after that job on my own initiative.

My sign painting experience did not make me a fine arts painter but did help me pay my way in art schools. I was also absorbing a variety of material for cartoon ideas. Some of the material I could use as is. Other experiences had to be filtered through my sub-conscious. An example of an "as is": I did the very first cartoon of a most unlikely person trying to sell magazine subscriptions to work his way through college. It was published in one of the early issues of *The New Yorker.* It happened for real as I sat at my lettering job in New York. An oldish seedy character came through the door and went directly to me. He had some magazines in his hand and said that line: "Please subscribe to ... I need the money to help me work my way through college." That incident happened in 1917. It came to my mind seven or eight years later while striving for gags. *The New Yorker* Editor, Harold Ross okayed it and it was published several months later. An example of the "brooding" in the subconscious mind: As a small boy in school I had one lady teacher who controlled her class with a twelve inch wooden ruler. A boy who misbehaved was obliged to hold his hand out, palm-side up and the teacher would give him a painful whack across his palm. Years later, when I was in full stride having my cartoons published, while working up a batch of gags, the teacher and her punishing ruler surfaced in my mind. Result: Two masked burglars surprised at their work by the lady of the house in her night gown and ruffled night-cap rushing at them with an upraised ruler. The burglars look startled. One of them exclaims: "WELL, IF IT ISN'T MISS FIDITCH OUR OLD SCHOOL TEACHER." I decided to submit several other situations with the same line, like a couple of cops looking into a parked car in lovers lane. A farmer at a circus side-show exclaiming as he looked at the world's fattest lady. A peeping Tom looking at the naked Lady Godiva; all saying, "Well, if it isn't Miss Fiditch our old schoolteacher." The editor of *Life* magazine accepted them and many more. He published several Miss Fiditch cartoons in every issue for several months. The editor of *Life* at that time was Bolton Mallory.

While working at the awning shop many things happened which became grist for my sub-conscious gag mill. One particular adventure I call "A Wild Ride With Baby." Baby was a strong lean horse who pulled a flat-topped wagon used for carrying awning elements (cloth and iron pipes). Also two or three workmen. One of the awning men, Louie, was the driver. Louie and Baby were kindred spirits. That horse with Louie at the reins often pulled rather heavy loads at a brisk pace. One afternoon when for some reason all the workmen were away, my boss

"Well, if it isn't Miss Fiditch, our old schoolteacher."

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 2, 1889.



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PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.

THE LITTLE REPUBLICAN RED RIDING HOOD AND THE GRAND ARMY WOLF.

"What have you in that basket, my dear?"

told me to drive the wagon to the railroad freight yard with a trunk to be shipped off. The trunk was already loaded on the wagon and the horse Baby was harnessed and ready to go. (Most kids including myself knew how to drive a horse ... this was the tail-end of the horse and buggy days). The distance to the R.R. yard was about two miles.

So, I got into the driver's seat, shook the reins, hollered: "Giddy-up Baby!" If Louie had been driving, Baby would have started off at a trot. I expected him to do the same for me. He just knew I wasn't Louie. Only Louie could give him orders. Baby just moved in slow-motion. The direct route I took included Market Street, a very level street, and one of Newark's main thorofares, heavy with car and wagon traffic. Baby dragged along like a sleep-walker. Cars honked and drivers of other wagons shouted at me. I shouted at Baby. He was deaf to my shouts. We were now approaching Newark's main intersection of Broad and Market Streets. A lone traffic cop waved for me to hurry but that meant nothing to Baby. He made the crossing at the slowest snail's pace. Traffic was tied up. The traffic cop was purple with rage. He hollered: "Don't you dare come back this way. I'll shoot your damn horse if you do. I'll shoot you too!" I finally reached the railroad freight yard, disposed of the trunk, got a receipt and turned around to return home. I followed the cop's advice, drove by way of back streets to avoid another encounter with "the Law". All those back streets were steep and up-hill, but Baby seemed to know we were returning to his stable. He galloped all the way like a race horse, negotiating the hilly streets like they were flat lands. We covered the roundabout distance in record time, but that hardly made up for the long drag on the way out. My boss looked at his watch and asked why it took me so long. I said: "The traffic cop at Broad and Market Streets stopped us to admire and pet Baby."

I cannot recall a particular magazine cartoon which developed out of this "Baby" adventure, but I believe it did float up to the surface in my animated cartoon work.

To go back to my early efforts to achieve publication: ... Periodically, after having drawn several cartoons, I would mail them with return postage to *Life* or *Judge* magazines. They would always be returned with printed rejection slips. I remember very few of my rejected "jokes" but there was one I recall because of special circumstances. I chanced to be having a cup of coffee and a doughnut in a small beanery in downtown New York. Two men were sitting nearby. One of them, judging by his clothes and his talk, was a City garbage collector. A line from his conversation remained with me. This was it: "When my wife put my supper on the table in front of me last night, I shoved the dishes to the floor." He made a sweeping gesture with his arm. "Then I threw up." When I returned home, I spent hours on a drawing of a young garbage man and a friend in front of a garbage truck. Messy cans of garbage nearby. This was the caption: *Friend:* "How do you like this job?" *Garbage man:* "I'm getting to like it. I only threw up twice last night." I showed the finished cartoon to my brother Dave and to a friend of his by the name of Kapner. Kapner knew me since I was a small boy. He was always interested in my career and ready with advice. Kapner: "That cartoon will fit in *The New York Call.* That's a workingman's paper. Look up their address in the New York phone book." I did. Their office was not too far from the office where I was working at my first New York job. I took my cartoon along with me when I went to work one morning. At lunch time I walked over to *The New York Call.* I discovered it was a Socialist newspaper from an identifying sign on the entrance door. I asked someone if I could see the editor. A man was pointed out to me who was coming out of one of the rooms and retreating off to a distant door. That was the editor, who was leaving for lunch and wouldn't return for perhaps an hour and a half. I had to be back on my own job long before that. Nothing else to do but to have my own lunch. That I did at a lunch room nearby. After eating I continued on my way. I hadn't gone very far when I observed, sitting at a table close to the window inside a restaurant, two men having their lunch. One of them I recognized to be the editor of *The Call.* On a sudden impulse I walked inside, approached the man and said: "Excuse me sir, I have a cartoon of mine which ..." The editor looked up at me with the meanest scowl on his face and snarled: "Get the hell out of here. Can't you see I'm eating my lunch! *Scadoo! Beat it.*" I left in a hurry after stammering, "Excuse me sir."

The next time I saw my brother's friend he asked how I fared at *The Call.* I told him. He patted me on the shoulder, saying: "You must expect such set-backs during your formative years". That line stuck with me. I used it as a gag published in *The New Yorker* years later: A sad looking young prisoner behind bars. A visiting, seasoned old thug saying those lines: "You must expect set-backs such as this during your formative years."

In 1918 I became a professional cartoonist by joining the ranks of the animated cartoon industry. In 1923 I sold my first cartoon to a national humor magazine *Judge.* In early 1925 I was published in *The New Yorker* magazine and continued with that publication for ten years. I sold to many other magazines during those years. My anticipation for a cartooning career had been fulfilled. Eventually I was lured back to animated cartoons which had acquired a new dimension ... *sound* ... It was new fun to make cartoons that talked. ●

cartooning IN THE USA

by ROY WILSON

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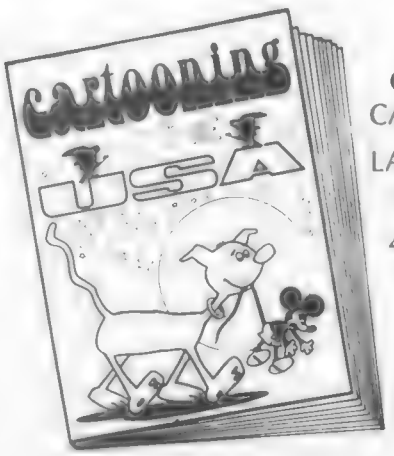

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ANIMATION

FIDDLING AROUND WITH AN IDEA

A violin player starts with a waist or sound chamber made of pine wood, a bow fitted with horse hair and four strings presumably made of catgut. With this jumble of oddities, he attempts to make music. And he succeeds.

An animator starts with a pencil sharpener, a fist full of pencils and a few sheets of paper. With these unpromising ingredients he attempts to create motion pictures that all the nations of the world will find respectfully entertaining. And he succeeds.

"Bravo!" I say. It took a lot of stubborn energy to do that.

When I was twelve years old my older brother tried to teach me to play a violin. For hours on end he harassed me with oratorical blasts, one after another in an attempt to ignite in my adolescent mind a tiny spark of interest in learning to play a violin.

From all of his eloquent haranguing I remembered only one thing — the name of an Italian violinist, Nicolo Paganini. The name clung to my brain like a cocklebur. It haunted me. I could not shake it loose. At night I would wake from a sound sleep shouting "Paganini". Finally, hoping it might help me to forget him, I went into a library to see what I could learn about this mental hitchhiker. I found that he was quite a guy, a four hundred hitter, maybe better.

Nicolo Paganini lived between 1782 and 1840. For forty years he was a famous international violinist. He made one startling contribution to the art of violin playing.

Selecting twenty-four important exercises used by violin players, he composed a musical theme for and embodying each of these. They were called the Twenty-four Caprices of Paganini. Each contained a special bowing or fingering exercise written into a charming piece of music. Each caprice is a vital part of a study for anyone who wishes to master the violin.

We should have a similar set of exercises related to animation, a glossary of often used, difficult to understand movements, gestures and facial expressions that may be learned by anyone who wishes to be called an animator.

Two especially gifted members of the famous Disney 'nine old men' are

Anonymous caricature of Paganini (London)

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Ollie Johnston,

writing a book about animation. They are Ollie Johnson and Frank Thomas. I hope that they include in their book a chapter that might be called 'The Twenty-four Caprices of Animation', a list of animation fundamentals.

How, for example, would you plan the animation of an old-fashioned comedy 'take' or a punch on the chin? How should an artist space his drawings for the baton movements of an orchestra leader or the closing of a clam shell? How many kinds of walks are there? How does smoke come out of a chimney? How many drawings are needed for each step in a horse trot? How do the steps inter-relate? Do fat men and skinny men walk the same way? How does a dog bark? If a performer is playing a violin, on which notes does he push the bow forward and on which does he draw it back? Frank Churchill, Disney composer, once corrected my animation of a violin player.

There is a big vocabulary of movements that every animator should know. A fairly good animator knows two-thirds of them. A real champ knows them all and probably makes up variations of them as he animates.

As a violinist, I was a konk-out, a sick pigeon, a squashed egg. Happily I found another way to express myself. A new art was born about the same time I was. It was called 'Animation'. I was fortunate enough to stumble into this happy playpen, mouse factory, profession or call it what you may.

Animation is fun once you get the hang of it. All that you have to do is draw as well as Gustav Klimt or Edgar Degas; possess a sense of humor comparable to that of the late Fred Allen; have a feeling for drama that parallels that of the Barrymores and enough skill to take a dull story and, by the magic of animation, make it sparkle.

Among those who teach animation in our art schools and colleges, probably not more than one in ten ever animated — Is this the best way to teach animation?

Is there a Paganini among the animators? Is there someone to write an animation rule book? A dictionary of basics? Someone to chart a vocabulary of actions, movements, methods, specific problems and specific answers?

Hey! — Somebody page Paganini!

©MCMLXXVIII Walt Disney Productions.

Frank Thomas

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from the book 'Paganini'

Paganini at the age of thirty

AAS Convention

Mystery Men have always been with us: The Lone Ranger, Zorro, The Scarlet Pimpernel, Green Hornet, Superman, Wonder Woman, Spider Man, The Hulk, Batman, Woodward and Bernstein, all fighting injustice in their sly own way. Herein, Al Jaffee depicts the Super Society, engaged in their everyday shop talk and crises. Text is by Jerry De Fuccio.

1

SORRY YOU WERE DROPPED BY INCREDIBLE COMICS, CAPTAIN HOTSHOT.
NO GREAT SURPRISE! MY VILLAINS WERE TOO DREARY FOR TODAY'S DEMANDING MARKET.
AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SUPER HEROES NATIONAL CONVENTION
I RECALL YOUR INSIGNIA, BUT NOT YOUR NAME. "MAJOR VICTORY" ISN'T IT?
"COLONEL VICTORY"... MY PROMOTION CAME THROUGH.
NICE MATERIAL... WHO DRAPES YOUR CAPES?
LITTLE OLD TAILOR DOWNTOWN. JUST A LEAP AND A BOUND FROM HERE.
MISSILE MAN
QUESTIONMAN
ANSWERMAN

2

I HEAR GREASED LIGHTNING AND BLUE THUNDERBOLT DISSOLVED PARTNERSHIP!
YES! EVERY TIME THEY TEAMED UP TO CATCH EVILDOERS, THEIR COMBINED VOLTAGE BLEW ALL THE FUSES IN THE AREA!
THAT'S A GREAT MASK... IT DOES SO MUCH FOR YOUR EYES!
WHAT MASK? I HAD A LOVERS' QUARREL WITH WONDERFUL WOMAN!
SUPER HEROES
JUNK MAN
CAPTAIN BLITZ
THE HUMAN BOMB
MAJOR FLAW

OUR CONVENTION WILL NOW COME TO ORDER! HERE'S OUR GRAND MASTER...
CAPTAIN HUMBLE!
THANK YOU! NOW LET'S REALLY HEAR IT FOR ME!
STEERMAN

3

FELLOW CRUSADERS AGAINST EVIL AND ALL-AROUND FINE PERSONS: SINCE WE LAST MET, OUR EMPLOYMENT IS UP, THANKS TO A VAST INCREASE IN CRIME. SO, LET'S ALL SING THE SUPER HEROES' ANTHEM.
♫ HAIL TO US, GREAT SUPER-HEROES, WITH OUR SHARP GOOD LOOKS! ♫ LONG MAY WE WOW ALL READERS ♫ IN THE COMIC BOOKS! ♫

4

THE CREDENTIALS COMMITTEE IS GIVING COMMANDER PURITY A ROUGH TIME.
HIS MIRACLEMOBILE RAN OUT OF GAS WHILE CLOSING IN ON AN EVILDOER. MADE OUR PROFESSION LOOK RIDICULOUS!
I WONDER IF PUMA MAN STANDS A CHANCE OF BECOMING OUR NEXT GRAND MASTER?
HAW! NO SUPER-HERO WITH HEADQUARTERS IN A TREE CAN WIN!
DRINK UP! IT'S MY POTION FOR SHARPENING X-RAY VISION!
NO THANKS! I FLEW INTO THE SIDE OF A BUILDING WHILE PURSUING A VICIOUS OVERLORD OF CRIME! STOMACH'S STILL QUEASY...
SUPER-HEROES GET ACQUAINTED RECEPTION
VEGETABLE PUNCH
IDEAMAN
SMOKING PROHIBITED (EXCEPTION: CAPTAIN JETSTREAM)
DIET COLA
TINY TERROR
THE HUMAN TARGET
YOGURT
STAGMAN
OCTOPUSMAN
FIREMAN

5

IN A NON-SMOKE-FILLED ROOM...
HERE'S OUR NOMINEE TO SUCCEED YOU AS GRAND MASTER!
THAT MILD-MANNERED WRETCH?
NOMINATING COMMITTEE MEETING ROOM
GENERAL STRIKE
FOOLED YOU, TOO, eh? BY DAY, HE'S MILD-MANNERED EUGENE DROOPBLOSSOM, SON OF A BILLIONAIRE STAMP COLLECTOR. BUT, BY NIGHT...
SUPERSONICMAN!
INCREDIBLE! NATURALLY, I'VE SEEN HIS TV SHOW AND I KNEW HE WAS MILD-MANNERED! BUT NOT THAT MILD!
IT'S HIS STOCK IN TRADE. EVIL-DOERS IGNORE HIM AND THEN HE STRIKES!
THE CLAW
THE HUMAN ERROR

6

CONGRATULATIONS ON BEING ELECTED GRAND MASTER! EVILDOERS WILL NEVER GUESS THAT YOU, MILD-MANNERED EUGENE DROOPBLOSSOM BY DAY, ARE REALLY SUPERSONICMAN!
SUDDENLY...
HA! WHAT YOU CLODS NEVER GUESSED IS THAT I, MASTER OF DISGUISE, AM IN REALITY THAT ARCH-FIEND...
THE SPANIEL!
EGAD! WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!
EVIL HAS TRIUMPHED! THIS IS THE END OF ALL SUPER-HEROISM!

Late in 1947, I received a phone call asking whether I would be interested in formulating a magazine cartoon course and in teaching it at a brand new art school. I accepted, hopped the subway to West 89th Street, and cased the layout. Virgin territory: one large floor in a loft building, the space broken up into classrooms by means of eight-foot high moveable steel partitions. The furnishings indigenous to most art academies — easels and model stands — were not here. Instead there were rows of inclined drawing tables or flat tables with drawing boards. No oils, palettes, palette knives, turpentine, or bristle brushes, but the familiar india ink bottle, pens and small sable brushes. This was the start of the Cartoonists and Illustrators School soon to become well-known under its original name, and even more famous eventually as the School of Visual Arts.

To me, the setup was very exciting. It meant for the first time, an entire school was engaged in cartoon instruction for the most part, and there was an opportunity for interested and talented students to jump into practical drawing. The co-founders, Silas Rhodes and Burne Hogarth, astutely hired instructors currently active in their various crafts giving students even more closeness to the world of publishing. While there were classes in Foundation (life drawing), Advertising, and Illustration — the main thrust of the school in those days seemed to be Cartooning. The starting lineup of cartooning teachers included Burne Hogarth (story strips and scripts), Tom Gill — and later, Jerry Robinson — (comic books), and myself (Magazine Cartooning and a catch-all of funny strips, cartoon spots and illustrations, sports, and editorial cartoons).

The school was quickly jammed with students — which was no mere coincidence. The founders had evidently observed the burgeoning interest in the cartoon during the early Forties and consequently the immense number of funnies being published during the war years. The veterans of World War II were home. Even those with just a modicum of comics talent were itching to latch onto the cartooning boom. The G.I. bill supplied the instruction fees and materials, and the schools flourished. Jeff Machamer started a comic art school in California, the Chicago Art Institute and other established academies had cartoon classes, the larger correspondence schools did well and there was an increase in the number of smaller one-man cartooning-by-mail courses.

The Forties decade was a cartoonist's dream — a seller's market. Consider some of the opportunities in magazine cartooning — then, and going into the Fifties. Weeklies: *Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Liberty, The New Yorker, Saturday Review.* Newspaper Sunday supplements: *This Week, Parade, Times Book Review, N.Y. American Weekly, Family Weekly, Suburbia Today.* General monthlies: *True, Argosy, Esquire* (for men); *Ladies Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion* (for women). Also, *American Magazine* and a host of others. Syndicates buying freelance panels: King, McNaught, George Matthew Adams. Most of the above paid medium to top prices. In addition there were many magazines — low paying but with the redeeming feature of quantity buying. These all-cartoon publications gave instant okays — sometimes six to eight to a cartoonist — the take more than sufficient for payment of the studio rent. Many were started during the war and aimed at service men. Included were the Crestwood Publications (*Army Laughs, Broadway Laughs, Laff Time,* etc.), Humorama (*Comedy, Jest, Cartoon Parade, Gaze, Laugh Riot,* etc.). And there was Red Kirby on East 42 Street with *Nifty* and other cartoon books. Fawcett had its *Squads Riot* and Dell its *1000 Jokes. Gags,* using about 100 cartoons an issue, drew many cartoonists to Philadelphia, its editorial headquarters.

Besides single-panel cartoons, many of the magazines featured cartoon-spreads and multipanels. Some like the *American, Liberty,* the *Post,* and *Collier's* used cartoonists as illustrators for articles and columns. When Abril LaMarque became Art Director of the *N.Y. Sunday Times Magazine* after a stint as art editor and caricaturist at Dell Publications, he filled that august and austere magazine with cartoon illustrations and even slipped in a few gag cartoons causing the powers higher-up to scream that their dignified publication was degenerating into a comic book.

There were many newspapers in the Forties, thus keeping editorial and sports cartoonists employed. Becoming syndicated, as usual, was difficult. Nevertheless, the following features appeared during that decade: "Steve Canyon" (Caniff), "Pogo" (Kelly), "Pvt. Breger" (Breger), "The Girls" (Folger), "Kerry Drake" (Andriola), "Archie" (Montana), "Teena" (Terry), "Just the Type" (Dunn).

The war gave the comic book industry a tremendous boost. Fifteen million copies were sold each month, giving a total readership of over fifty million. The Flash, the Human Torch, the Sub-Mariner, and the Hawkman were some of the adventure characters engaged in the mythical battle against the Axis. There were 60 titles in 1940, 168 in 1941 — and with World War II and post-war impetus, the comic book industry zoomed into 600 titles put out by 40 publishers. Artists were aiming at bigger and better caped, iron-jawed, superheroes flying hither and yon. In those days, if you did not want to work for the big companies, you could — with a little capital — produce your own books with the help of an assistant or two.

Most definitely, more cartoon advertising popped up in the Forties decade.

Artists' agents invariably included examples of the work of a few cartoonists in their portfolios among the usual samples from illustrators, fashion artists, furniture or still life artists. Large agencies consisting of salesmen selling cartoons only, to ad agencies were set up. One of these, specializing in comics, was Johnstone and Cushing. Their offices were crammed with eight or ten work-in cartoonists toiling on a commission basis. J. and C. also had access to a number of freelancers who preferred working at home. Tom Johnstone, a former cartoonist, had at one time been comics editor of N.E.A. and the old *New York World.* He had also written the scores for five Broadway musical comedies. His agency was probably the only one in town with a piano. Anyone who could play was welcome to sit down at the piano and amid laughs provide the rhythms to accompany the pen scratchings and brush swishings of the cartoonists. The latters' percentage paid to the agents was high, the deadlines sometimes overwhelming, but there was a steady flow of assignments for all at good fees. Here, art jobs for the individual artist could come in good quantity such as a 12-month trade paper campaign, many newspaper and national magazine ads, an ongoing series of daily advertising comic strips (perhaps 30), a complete promotional comic book, a set of Sunday color half-page features. Yes, the dailies and the Sunday comic pages were alive with advertising strips. One Sunday series contained the characters Pepsi and Pete (advertising Pepsicola) which was started by Rube Goldberg and later continued by other artists. In the J. and C. bullpen were cartoonists who later were to carry on with their own syndicate features and whose names you will recognize: Dik Browne, Al Stenzel, Gill Fox, Bill Sakren, Kate Osann, and Creig Flessel.

THE Cartoonists AND Illustrators BILLBOARD

A monthly Publication

Vol 1 No 1 — March, 1948 — Four Pages

ALEX RAYMOND

MILTON CANIFF

..TO SPEAK AT C. & I.

FIRST ISSUE

With this issue we start not only the first volume of a new magazine, but a new idea in art publications as well. A magazine that is neither student — school publication, nor a professional" slick

The student magazines are too often one big gossip column about school affairs. The "professional" mag, on the other hand, is often too advanced. It assumes that all its readers are professionals — and — overlooks the newcomers in the field.

The C AND I BILLBOARD competes with neither type. We feature the kind of news you want to know. Tips on techniques by men working in the field, market news, articles, interviews, the type of information that you cannot get elsewhere.

But the success of this journal is up to you. Remember, it's your magazine, produced for students, by students. Success and growth will come only if we all work to attain the goal. Everything depends on you, you, and yes, even YOU!

The distinguished artists, Alex Raymond and Milton Caniff are scheduled to lecture at the Cartoonists and Illustrators School.

Mr. Raymond, highly respected in the comic-strip field for his superb draftsmanship and the originator of FLASH GORDON, is currently producing his new creation RIP KIRBY, a detective-adventure strip.

Mr. Caniff, considered one of the best comic-strip writers in the game and an equally fine technician, achieved fame through his adroit handling of TERRY AND THE PIRATES and is now producing STEVE CANYON.

It is very gratifying to know that Mr. Caniff and Mr. Raymond are willing to relinquish their valuable time to help and inspire you fellows toward a sound professional standing in the field of comic-strip art. I am sure that their reception will serve as a just reward.

Come early, men — and bring your own seat — 'cause we'uns expect a CROWD!!

1948 school paper announcing lectures. Other guest speakers included Al Capp, Ham Fisher, Ernie Bushmiller, Bill Holman, Ted Key, Jeff Keate, Otto Soglow, Gus Edson, and Charles E. Martin (CEM)

Coming back to magazine cartooning, the Wednesday rounds were in full swing by the mid-forties. Why Wednesday? There have been varying opinions on the choice of this particular day for editors' open house. The best consensus I have, culled from both cartoon editors and cartoonists is: In 1937, the old Cartoonists Guild of America (predecessor to the American Society of Magazine Cartoonists and the present-day National Cartoonists Society and the new Cartoonists Guild) held its meeting Wednesday nights at the Hotel Knickerbocker in New York. As a convenience to out-of-town members who wanted to attend these meetings and also see the editors on the same day, the Guild urged the few major markets who were "looking" on various days, to use Wednesday as the "look" day. As other major markets came into being, they fell into line and Wednesday has been the day ever since.

The writer considers his profession a lonely one. Not so the freelance cartoonist in those days. He may have been alone in his studio six days a week wrestling with ideas, techniques, and drawing — but Wednesday was the day of togetherness. This day could start at dawn and end at midnight. He had to have the stamina and strong legs to carry him from publication to publication — 20 to 30 markets in all. What a phenomenon — this day! Other professional people — actors, photographers, writers, models, illustrators, advertising artists — had to make appointments with prospective clients; the magazine cartoonist, on the other hand, could approach the editorial office anytime during this day and find the welcome mat outside the door.

A typical Wednesday: The early riser would sign in between 8 and 8:30 A.M. at the *Saturday Evening Post* office on East 42nd Street. Since the cartoon editor would not arrive from Philadelphia until about 10, this gave the cartoonist a chance to cover a few other markets before rushing back to the *Post* in time for his turn. First there was a second breakfast usually with other cartoonists in a nearby coffee shop, accompanied sometimes by a comparing of rough sketches and the start of shop talk. Then a mad trek to a few

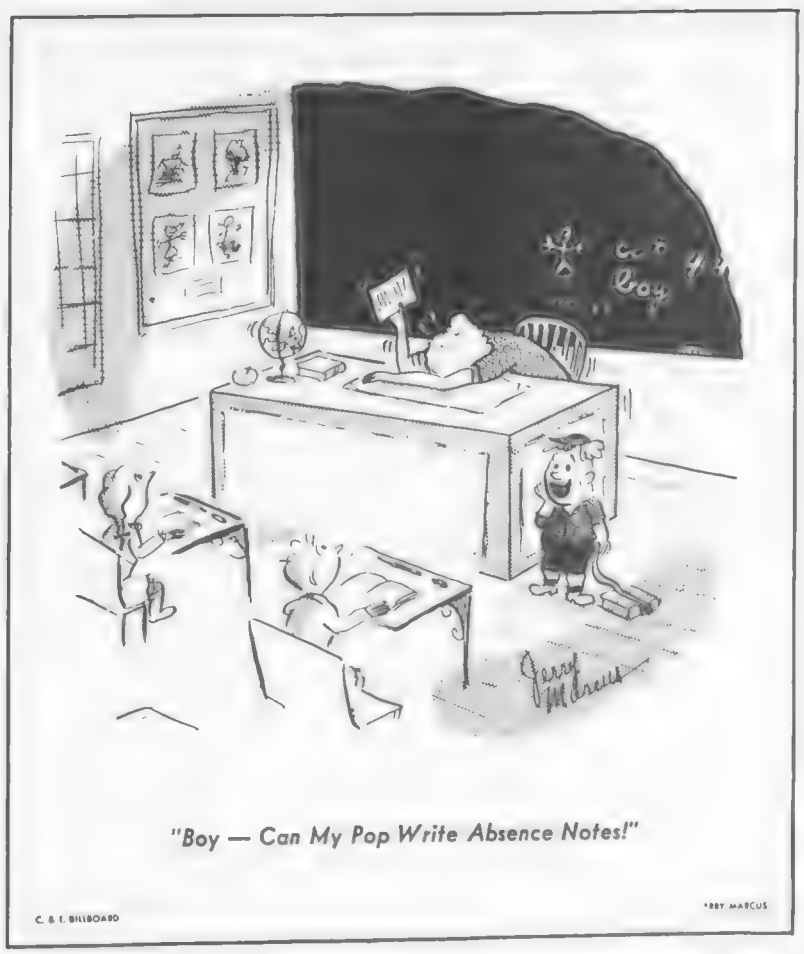
markets, perhaps *Collier's* up the street, or *Cartoon Humor,* around the corner. Back again to the *Post* where, by that time, about 30 cartoonists would be assembled. (By lunch time, 60 comic men and women would have visited this magazine). Incidentally, the *Post* was the choice for "first look" since the pay was good plus many panels being purchased (one *Post* issue, for example contained 50 cartoons!). The publishers' belt, then, extended from 42nd Street to 59th Street and fine planning and agility were necessities in covering sufficient markets before lunch. Groups of cartoonists had lunch at various favorite places: Pen and Pencil (still a tradition to this day), Danny's Hideaway, Press Box, and the Palm. Then more head-to-head meetings with editors and the dropping off of batches of sketches at offices until closing time. Further, if there happened to be a meeting of the National Cartoonists Society or the Guild that night, there would be an opportunity for cocktails and dinner at those places, and talks from special guests. Then home to bed after a very full day of selling, shop talk, socializing, and exercising. Talk about having your fingers on the pulse of your profession!

The peak years of the Wednesday rounds lasted until the late Fifties at which time some of the magazines started folding, or moving out of the city, or reducing their cartoon budgets. However in the mid-Forties, the rounds were an extra, added attraction for students in schools like the Cartoonists and Illustrators. This school had become so crowded that it took on an entire building on East 23rd Street — and eventually kept moving to larger and larger quarters. The teaching staff was greatly expanded to take care of those avid for instruction in *all* categories of cartooning. The gag cartoon classes were in operation five sessions a week, five hours each session — at all times under supervision of teachers. Other aids were guest lecturers — cartoon editors, famous comic strip men, and well-known magazine cartoonists. The informal work-shop setup was conducive to practical creation by the students. They could work on strip

Magazine of the first organization of magazine cartoonists (1937)

Gag cartoon in the N. Y. Sunday Times Magazine (1944) commenting on the fuel shortage during the war.

"Will you have one lump or two, sir?"



An early Jerry Marcus cartoon (1948) printed in the art school magazine.

samples to be shown to syndicates; others would prepare roughs to present to magazine editors, or do finishes for okayed gags. Yes, most students made their first sales to magazines — either major or minor — while in class. Student and instructor would sometimes meet on the Wednesday rounds and at times the pupil would get more okays than teacher!

Assuredly, most of these students had the talent and drive to have made it on their own — eventually. But the intensive courses in the specialty of their choice plus no-nonsense teaching by professionals provided the short cut to success. Today, the greatly expanded curriculum of the School of Visual Arts includes numerous fine art classes and assorted applied art courses such as Animation, Script Writing, Movie Making, etc. The school has produced many fine alumni in all fields. However, I best remember the cartoon classes having been involved with them, mostly on the night shift, for eight years. I recall Bill Gallo (Sports, *N.Y. News*) and Robert Weber (*The New Yorker*; advertising artist) who took short refresher courses many years ago; Bob Schroeter who became a cartoon editor for King Features; Dan Danglo and Ed Dahlin, who do filmstrip work. And I have followed the careers of others who have made it in syndication, magazine gags, and sports, editorial, and advertising drawing. Some of these (and I don't claim credit for all of them, since some went to the day classes) are: Bernard Lansky, Jerry Marcus, Frank Ridgeway, Ralston Jones, Dick Cavalli, Cy Olson, Hap Lyons, Scott Taber (Val), Peter Porges, Marv Tannenberg (Tann), Don Orehek, Bob Weber, Orlando Busino, Lenny Herman, and Charles Rodrigues.

These and other young cartoonists were the fresh faces on the magazine rounds in the Fifties. Many sensed the eventual deterioration of the magazine field and applied themselves vigorously to syndicate work or to other active areas of cartooning. The stage was then set for the many new strips and panels that came into being in the late Fifties and in the Sixties. ●

Cartoonists have long felt that many newspapers should do much more promotion of the comic strips which are such an important part of their papers. Well, Bob Lubeck and The Detroit News are in the forefront of those who do! Here is an account of how they set up a recent contest, involving Motley the Cat *in Larry Wright's 'Wright Angles' strip for NEA and Enterprise Features, and what the very interesting results were.*

Motley: *News puts prizes in the kitty for lookalike*

Everybody, so the theory goes, has an exact double somewhere in the world — a lookalike in every respect.

But does this proposition extend beyond people? How about cats, for example? Or more specifically, one particular cat, a feline by the name of Motley whose antics grace the pages of The Detroit News, thanks to drawing skill and humor of his creator, News cartoonist Larry Wright.

Are there any cats in the world quite like Motley who thinks he is the star of Wright's daily and Sunday newspaper comic strip, "Wright Angles"?

Wright intends to find out. In fact, he and The News are sponsoring a Motley lookalike contest open to all cats whose owners are readers of The Detroit News.

THE WINNING CAT will get $100 plus other prizes just because he most closely resembles the Motley of newspaper fame. The next two runners-up will get a case of cat food, plus prizes, while six finalists will receive special drawings of Motley, autographed by Larry Wright.

In addition, finalists will get a chance to meet a distinguished panel of judges including WXYZ's Dick Purtan, the Michigan Humane Society's Jim Yardley, and Alma Cumba, Detroit's first woman animal control officer, all of whom have agreed to help Wright in the final selection of this important contest.

Motley, the cartoon character, is really an added starter to the cast of human characters in Wright's popular strip, which is also syndicated in major newspapers throughout the country.

According to Wright, Motley is a kind of cat who came for dinner some years ago — a stray who stayed around, obnoxious at times, independent, arrogant, afraid of the dark, but with keen eye for things that fly and four-legged little creatures who scurrying around looking for a hole behind the refrigerator.

For the benefit of entrants seeking to learn more about Motley than his mere physical looks, Wright gives this description of the cartoon feline as he sees and draws him:

FIRST OFF, Motley is a cat, almost pure, and not so simple. He thinks he is a descendant of the royalty of all breeds. He is in what he considers the prime of life. He is very proud and very neurotic.

Motley is neutered. In fact, when his owners, the Kanes of the comic strip, talked of having him "fixed," Motley said he hoped they meant "bribed."

Motley spends a lot of time thinking. He does his best thinking in the winter behind the furnace and in the summer in front of the air conditioner.

Motley likes to keep humans in line. He also looks forward to the first robin in spring, but for a different reason than most of us.

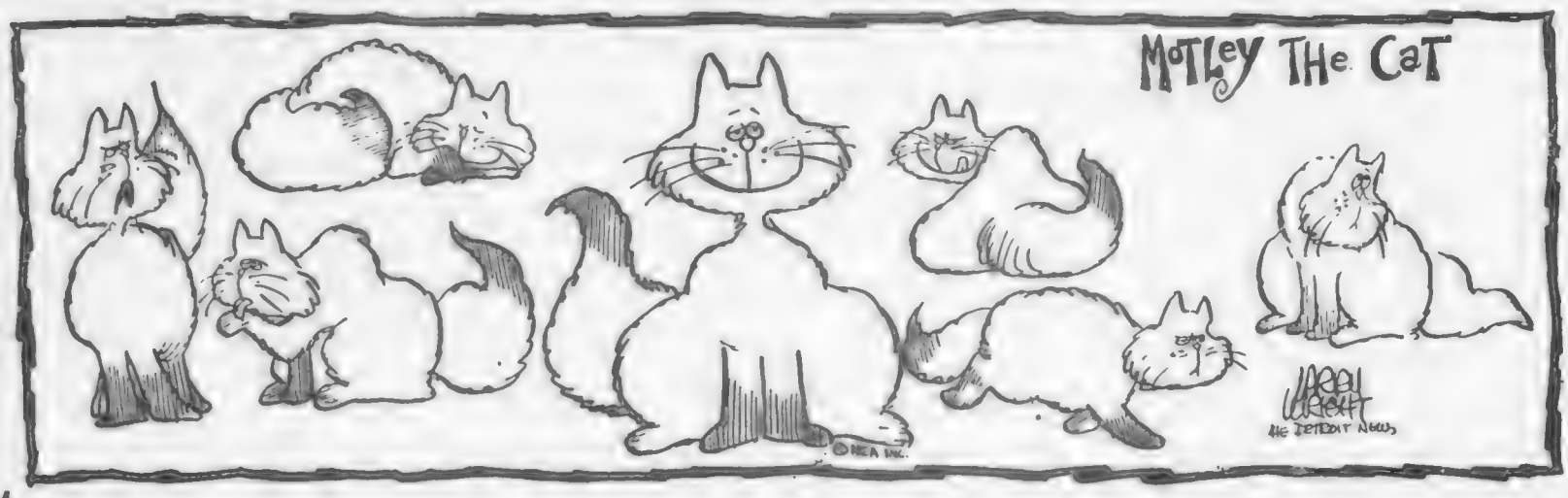
Wright says that Motley's idea for a real first prize for his lookalike would be a six-pack of mice. He was overruled by News officials on this thought.

Owners of Motley lookalike cats with these attributes should send a snapshot or picture of their Motley to Larry Wright, care of The Detroit News, 615 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Mich. 48231. No pictures can be returned.

OWNERS SHOULD include their own name, address and telephone number on the back of the photograph, together with a brief description of their cat and how they think he or she most resembles Motley. The cat most resembling Wright's cartoon character, in the opinion of the judges, will be named Grand Winner.

The Motley lookalike contest will close Monday Aug. 7. Six finalists will be selected for a final judging on Friday, Aug. 11, 1978, to be held in The News lobby with the grand winner and first two runners-up to be selected by Wright, Purtan, Yardley and Cumba. Winners will be announced in The News on Sunday, Aug. 13, 1978

Recalling a phrase from the past, Wright thinks the contest will be the cat's meow. The winner, he says, will probably win by a cat's whisker.



Part of the crowd that gathered in the Detroit News offices to watch the selection of the Motley Lookalike winner.

Larry Wright, creator of 'Wright Angles', struggling to keep a hold on the real Motley who is trying to get a good look at the Motley Lookalike winner and his owner, Moraig Symington.

WRIGHT ANGLES

by Larry Wright

I'M GLAD I'M NOT A DOG. DOGS ARE TOO DEPENDENT ON PEOPLE...
CATS, ON THE OTHER HAND, ARE VERY INDEPENDENT. WE CAN FEND FOR OURSELVES. WE DON'T NEED ANYTHING...
.... EXCEPT A CHAIR TO DESTROY.
© 1978 by NEA, Inc.

WRIGHT ANGLES

by Larry Wright

ALL DAY I'VE HAD THIS NAGGING FEELING THAT I'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING...
....BUT FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT IT IS...
YEOOOOW! THERE'S A DEAD RAT ON THE COUCH!
AAHH, THAT'S IT.
© 1978 by NEA, Inc.

WRIGHT ANGLES
by Larry Wright
MOTLEY! YOU'VE EATEN THE MEAT I HAD THAWING FOR TONIGHT'S DINNER!
OH, NO! WHAT AM I GOING TO FEED MY FAMILY?
THEY CAN HAVE MY KITTY BITTIES.
© 1978 by NEA, Inc.
9/27

And here is how the contest turned out:

MOTLEY'S DOUBLE — ALMOST PUURFECT

Detroit — Whatever the truth of "people" pageants, the first Motley the Cat lookalike contest ended with a snarl — from guest of honor Motley himself. He also spat at his winning lookalike.

Motley, the real-life feline who provides the inspiration for cartoonist Larry Wright's cartoon character namesake, was the "extra-added" attraction at the final judging of the contest, sponsored by Wright and The News.

The idea was to find a cat who in temperament and personality most resembled the pen and ink star of Wright's daily and Sunday comic strip. But the real Motley was unimpressed by it all.

He slept, most of the time, in his cage overlooking the 15 finalists.

When it came time to meet the winner, Snowball, a slightly overweight and heavy-jowled mixed tiger cat from Warren, Motley looked the other way. Then he struggled, spat and snarled.

SNOWBALL, owned by Moraig Symington, ignored the snub.

"Usually," Ms. Symington said, "Snowball's smile makes a cloudy day sunny." Snowball didn't smile. In fact, he is on pills for a stroke he suffered two years ago. "But when he gets home," his owner said, "he'll get to roll on the floor — and maybe have a scotch and water. Then he'll smile."

More then 1,000 cats had their pictures entered by their owners. From these photographs and accompanying descriptions, Wright selected 15 finalists who seemed to share Motley's ever-changing nature.

Motley, the character cat, is arrogant, aloof, scheming and lovable — when it suits his purpose. He also, according to Wright, his creator, likes a six pack of mice (light), and the first robin of spring — but for different reasons than humans.

Judges didn't check on these attributes. They didn't even ask for a bathing suit parade, as people pageants provide, or a talent tryout.

INSTEAD, the judges — radio's Dick Purtan, Jim Yardley of the Michigan Humane Society and Alma Cumba, Detroit's first Woman animal control officer — visited each of the cages and carefully inspected the candidates behind bars.

The final judging was held in the lobby of The Detroit News, decorated for the occasion with the photographs of all the entries.

Snowball, the winner, was a unanimous first-place choice. A 10-year-old cat, he got his name, according to Ms. Symington, because she brought him home from an east side pet store during a snow storm. As winner he received a $100 prize.

Runners-up, receiving a case of cat food, were Smokey, a beautiful long-haired cat owned by Juli LaFata of Grosse Ile, and Alfie, a silver-haired prize, owned by Barbara Hargraves of Troy.

OTHER FINALISTS were Apricot, owned by Wayne D. Painter of Northville; Harmony, owned by Vicki Carter of Sterling Heights; Baby, owned by Cathy Oakes of Dearborn; Neil, owned by Laraine Newman of Southfield; Mr. Jinx owned by D. Engstrom of Warren; Keetus, owned by Sheryl Kramer of Bloomfield; Caesar, owned by Cheryl Regan of Royal Oak; Tiger, owned by Harry Vanupen of Detroit; Mercury Cruiser, owned by Holly Washer of St. Clair Shores; Ziggy, owned by Susan Alexander of Dearborn Heights; Coquette, owned by Angeline Wilemon of Allen Park; Fluffers, owned by Robert Tartoni of Troy; and Francis Albert, owned by C.L. Bailey of Farmington Hills.

In addition to other prizes, finalists had their pictures drawn by Wright.

It was no surprise to anyone that each of the sketches came out looking like Motley — the cartoon version. ●

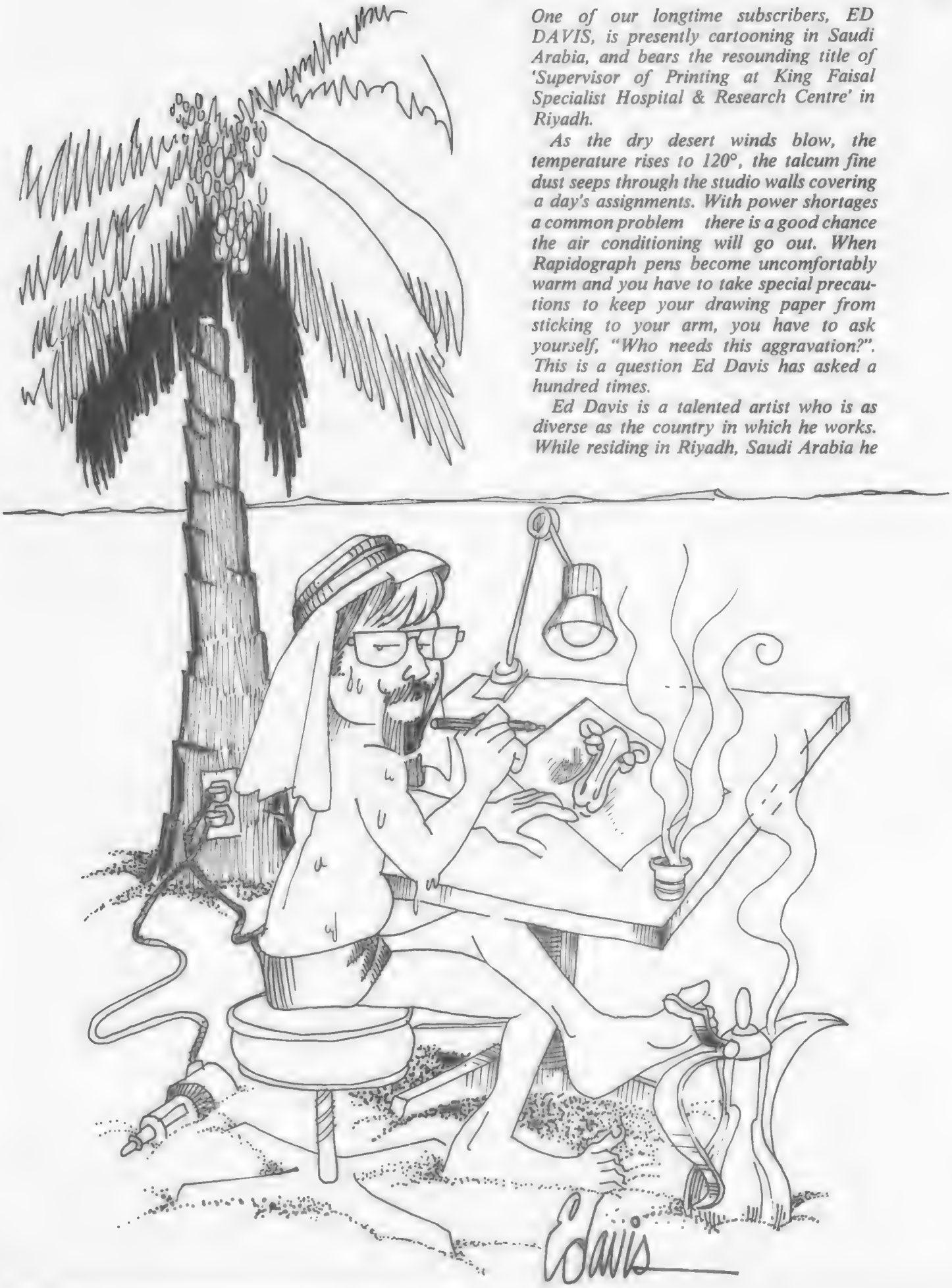
WRIGHT ANGLES
by Larry Wright
WHY ARE YOU BEING SO FINICKY, MOTLEY? EAT YOUR SUPPER!
CATS DRIVE ME CRAZY! I DON'T KNOW WHY HE WON'T EAT.
THE VICHYSSOISE IS TEPID.
MOTLEY
MOTLEY
MOTLEY
© 1978 by NEA, Inc.

ED DAVIS
Freelancing in

One of our longtime subscribers, ED DAVIS, is presently cartooning in Saudi Arabia, and bears the resounding title of 'Supervisor of Printing at King Faisal Specialist Hospital & Research Centre' in Riyadh.

As the dry desert winds blow, the temperature rises to 120°, the talcum fine dust seeps through the studio walls covering a day's assignments. With power shortages a common problem there is a good chance the air conditioning will go out. When Rapidograph pens become uncomfortably warm and you have to take special precautions to keep your drawing paper from sticking to your arm, you have to ask yourself, "Who needs this aggravation?". This is a question Ed Davis has asked a hundred times.

Ed Davis is a talented artist who is as diverse as the country in which he works. While residing in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia he



the Middle East
& other frightening tales

takes on design and cartoon assignments for clients in half a dozen countries.

Don't ask how the Supervisor of Printing has Graphics responsibility. Or, more precisely, how a designer/cartoonist came to be the Supervisor of Printing at such an august institution. Money had something to do with it. The fact that no printing facilities exist at the Hospital also may have been a factor. Job descriptions were etched in stone by some long forgotten personnel specialist, before the hospital facilities became operational.

Despite the unusual frustrations, Ed is fortunate in that he works with some of the finest equipment money can buy. The type of work consists of everything (with the exception of synagog wall paintings and Miss Nude World illustrations) you've ever done before or ever thought of doing in design, illustration, art production and audiovisual display. A regular Ahmed-of-all-trades.

Who appreciates fine Graphics work at the most sophisticated medical facility in Saudi Arabia? There is the TV Producer at the fully equipped studio and closed-circuit broadcasting station, three Medical Photographers and his wife.

Now that we've set the stage, let's let Ed tell his own story.

"I took every art course around and worked on the school paper on my way to graduation from high school in tiny Cloverdale, California. I'm not saying the graduating senior class was small, but we had the graduation dance in a phone booth. At 6'4" and 200 pounds, I was the biggest guy to graduate from CHS in 1958. I'm still 6'4".

"After recuperating from a football injury in the army, which ripped open the palm of my drawing hand, I moved right up to fame and glory as a civilian, technical illustrator *trainee* in the aerospace industry.

"At the height of my budding 8 to 5 industrial artist career, I dropped out and went to live in France. The casual lifestyle, good food, cultural enlightenment and artistic stimulation were the factors behind my decision to start my freelance cartoonist career in France. Contrary to what anyone may have heard about me, the sexually liberated girls of France had nothing to do with the decision.

"I starved. Phase two of 'The Budding Artists Handbook', right? After almost three years, and even my mother wasn't buying my work, I got the message. *8 to 5!*

"I went to work with UNESCO as a paste-up artist and then went to URS Data Sciences Co. in Germany as a Technical Publications Art Director over a one-man art department consisting of ... me. URS, an American company, recycled all their American employees back to the United States, at their expense, and I ended up in Killeen, Texas.

"Because of government cutbacks, our company lost its biggest contract and were forced to lay off the entire Technical Publications Department, of which I was a part. Served me right for working for a company with a government contract!

"The next two months are listed as 'Self-employed' in my resume. Then Allah smiled on me. The Commonwealth-Tumpane Company needed a Graphic Arts Specialist to do work in Saudi Arabia and they were willing to pay a lot of money to have me do it. I know I'm weak, but starving is not one of my favorite pastimes. This was late December, 1970.

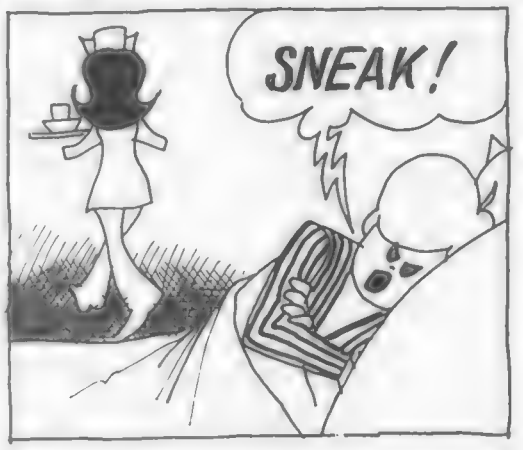
"During the next two years, I did not starve. On a trip to Lebanon to pick up my work permit for Saudi Arabia, I met a lovely Egyptian girl. Ten months later, Nadia became Mrs. Charles Edwin Davis. That was the good part. The bad part was that King Faisal's government decide to pull the magic carpet from under me by replac-

with help from Dick Massey

"The Führer cannot be disturbed. He's busy with dictation."

photo by Dick Massey

Ed Davis



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ing Commonwealth-Tumpane with the lowest bidder.

"I had been doing freelance work with clients in Lebanon, so we headed for beautiful, peaceful, sunny Beirut.

"Beirut was paradise ... for a while. Super people along with the sun, mountains and the Mediterranean Sea. All this and doing the type of work I had trained a lifetime for. I was the chief designer at the largest printing operation in the Middle East; then Art Director at a large advertising agency with international clients, and finally; Creative Director at Express International Printing Company, a complete, quality graphics service business, where I helped establish the initial operation.

"This is what I had struggled a lifetime to accomplish, and it was going super. Our first daughter, Maya, was born in Cairo during this time. My cartoons and humorous illustrations were in demand. I was surrounded by a great group of friends, both in and out of the profession.

"Then Lebanon went crazy!

"We stayed as long as possible, perhaps longer than prudently safe. Finally, with only what we could carry, we became refugees at Nadia's father's in Cairo. With no business contacts of any sort in the country and Egyptian business for foreigners being what it is, I negotiated the position I now have. That's how I came to be Supervisor of Printing at KFSH&RC for the past three years.

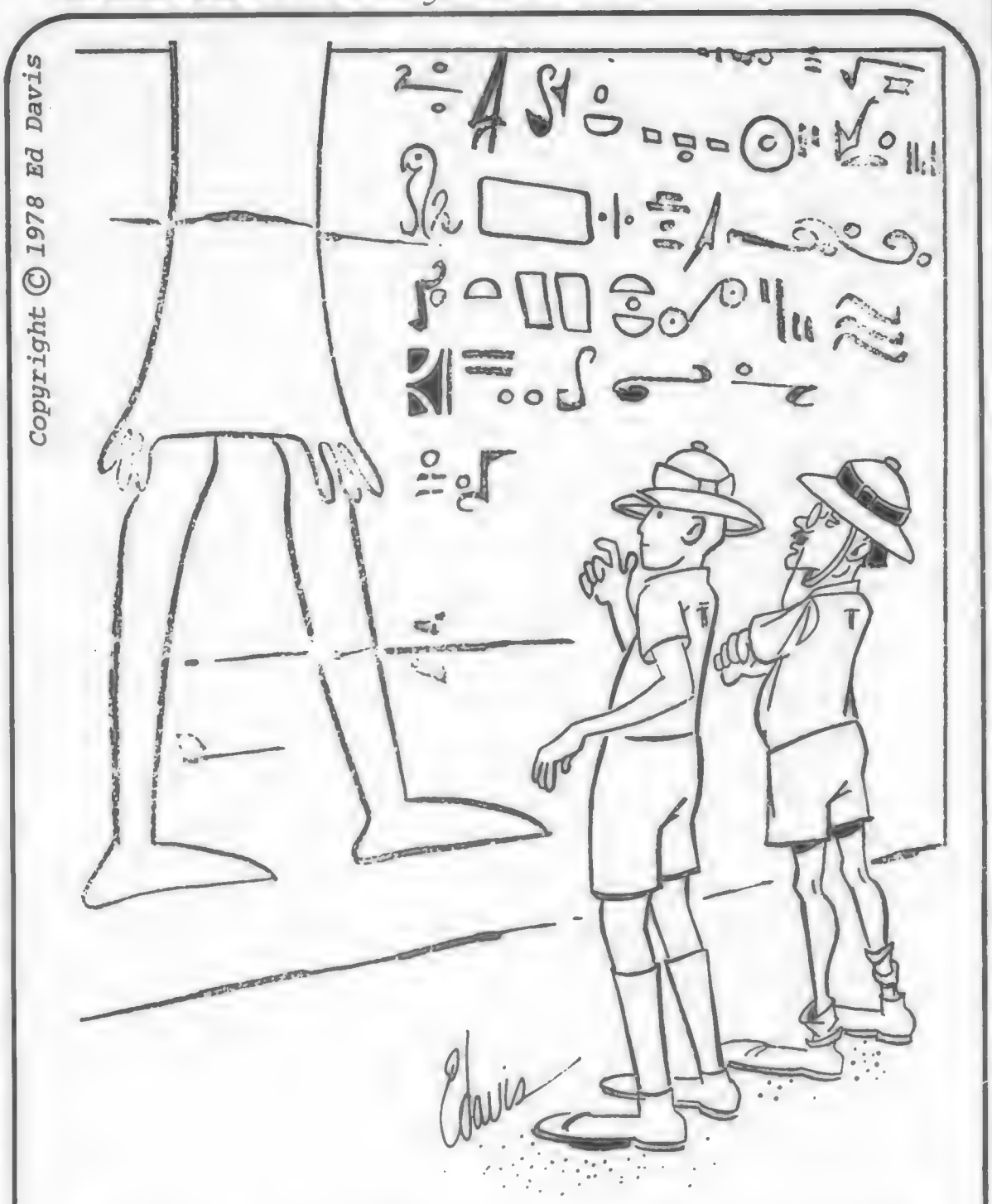
"It was a little hard to keep a sense of humor while experiencing the closest thing to a war I ever care to experience. We knew we could regain the material things, but the hardest part was losing so many of our closest friends.

"I now have two daughters (Wendy was born at the Hospital) and fantastic plans for the future. We haven't yet committed ourselves to any particular part of the globe, but we are narrowing down the possibilities. Native California and Egypt are high on the list. So is Houston, Texas and anywhere in the ever beautiful, ever popular England. As hard as it has been to develop cartoon clients by using war-torn and heavily censored postal systems, I have been able to maintain several faithful accounts. I can't help but think that if only I were closer ....

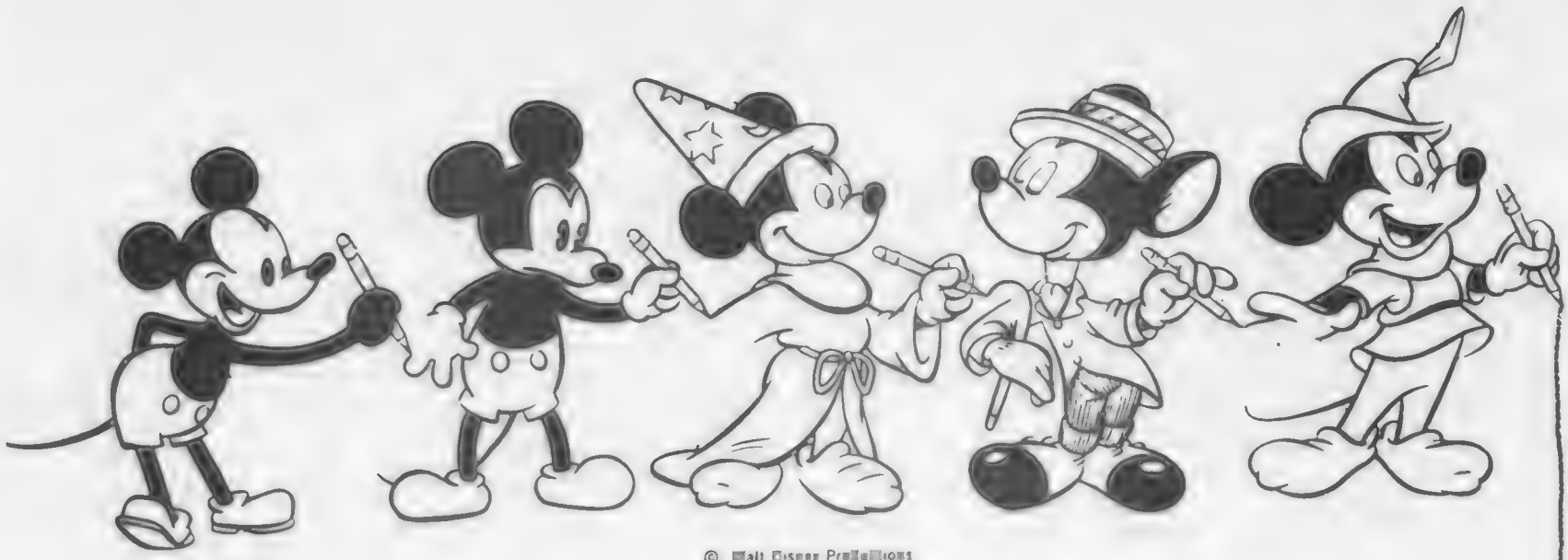
"Then what kind of a cartoonist would I be if I didn't have a comic strip or two brewing in my head.

"My days at King Faisal Specialist Hospital & Research Centre are numbered. Perhaps, even before this article appears in print, I'll be knocking on a few doors. Anyway, CARTOONIST PROfiles will be the first to know of my plans, after my bank, of course. How else can I keep my subscription up to date!" ●

Sandtoon *by Ed Davis*



"It says, 'In order to maintain maximum efficiency, your digital computer must be checked regularly by an authorized serviceman'."



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Walt Disney Archives

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Researchers at work in one of the Archives' rooms.

This past September we had a very interesting conversation in Burbank, California, with David R. Smith who is in charge of the Walt Disney Archives. After you have read his comments about the type of material they contain, we invite you to send CARTOONIST PROfiles any questions you may have pertaining to Walt Disney, the company, its product, and on subjects which you think the Archives can answer. We'll send these along to David Smith who has graciously consented to try and answer them. If we receive enough inquiries, we hope to include his answers in a regular column in our magazine.

Hurd: I'd be interested to have you explain what the archives consist of.
Smith: Well, the Disney Company started thinking about what to do with preserving its history after Walt Disney died in 1966, and after a few years of gestation, in 1970 they decided to set up an archives program and it was our duty to collect and preserve everything to do with the history of Walt Disney and the entire Disney organization and to make it available for research by people within the company mainly — but also for students and scholars and others on the outside that were working on serious research projects that required material that we had in our collection. So we started out in 1970 in very small quarters and have grown several times since then and in 1976 we moved into this new building where we now have 8500 square feet. We've got a large store room in the basement where we have temperature and humidity controls on our material so that it's more safely preserved. We are actively collecting everything we can find on the history of anything Disney. Now, we're not only the archives of the studio and of the films that are made here and of Walt Disney himself, but of Disneyland and Walt Disney World. We're not merely saving the ancient history, the old things that you think of when you think of archives, but we're getting current materials as they're coming out because there's need to tell the history tomorrow. We have many different types of materials in our archives. In fact we have probably one of the more varied archives anywhere in the country. I've generally divided them into three major categories. We've got business records which include correspondence files of key people within the organization including Walt Disney and his brother Roy Disney.
They're complete correspondence files. We have correspondence and business files of some of the major departments, the publicity department and the story department for example. This category would also include annual reports and financial reports, and this type of thing would give you a basic business history of the company. Then a second category would be creative records of the company and this would include original art work and the various steps that go into the making of an animated cartoon. We don't keep it all here in the archives because it would be just too bulky, but we do keep the key movies that we've done, and cartoons and so forth. We keep the animation drawings and some cels and backgrounds and so forth.
Hurd: Some preliminary drawings?
Smith: Yes, preliminary drawings also. Then we have also in that category blueprints and models and other things for the attractions at Disneyland. Our final category, which is the product of the company, is one that is all inclusive. It includes not only the things that we produce but the things that *result* from the things that we produce. I'll explain that. We have our films, our television shows, everything that we do on film, we have books, we've got tape recordings, we've got photographs, we've got over half a million photographic negatives, in our camera department and that's a tremendous amount of collected photographs. We have the whole giant category of merchandise items. Character merchandise we call it. These are the toys and games and clothing and so forth which we license other manufacturers to make, using our characters, and we have a good sample collection of those. And then you get to the field of publicity and press material. We have a giant collection of press releases, posters and other

David R. Smith

materials that are put out to publicize the company's endeavors and our films and then we have the result of those which are the clippings. We've had a clipping service since 1924 and you can imagine the number of times Disney's been mentioned in the newspapers!
We have I would guess about 300 binders and maybe 300 or 400 boxes full of clippings and they're coming in daily. We're getting more, but it's a giant collection. So that's very large and very useful. What other categories have I forgotten? We have our own music company and have been doing records since the 50's. Prior to that our records were put out by other companies. We collect all the awards the company has won, we're up to about 1500 and we keep track of where they are within the company. So generally that's what we have.
Hurd: You mentioned that researchers might have access to the archives. Now there are a lot of college students and young people doing papers and theses on the comics. Can they come in and use your facilities?
Smith: Yes. We have a reading room here which is available for students. They would have to be working on a very specific project. If they just said 'animation', it would be almost impossible to help them, but we have had students working on very specific problems with which we can help. For example we had a doctoral candidate writing on the history of the studio during World War II. We had two doctoral candidates this summer, one working on the Disney educational films and educational media that we've put out and the other one working on the release of Hollywood films in South America during the late 30's and 40's. We did several films specifically for that market during that period.
Most of the people that come in have been here just for one day's research. Maybe for an hour or two, maybe the whole day. We've had a few people in for several weeks and some that have been here for months — specifically authors writing books for the company such as Bob Thomas who recently wrote a biography of Walt Disney.
Such people have an office here at the company and work on their projects constantly. We get a smattering of students from local colleges during the school year but very few want to research animation. Most of the research has been on the business of the company — people looking at our annual reports and studying what the company has gotten involved in — 'does it make a profit out of Disneyland', and the sort of thing.
As far as students are concerned, about 30 to 50 of them come to us during the school year. During the summer we do get some traveling students who are out here in California on vacation and writing a master's thesis. Usually it's the advanced students who want to use our resources because most undergraduates can find all they need in previously published books or magazines that they can find in their own college libraries — and we encourage that.
Hurd: I was a little surprised when you said they were most interested in the business aspects of the company rather than in animation. There seem to be so many young people who are making their own animated films these days.
Smith: But we don't have here in the archives anything for studying the techniques of animation. That's not the type of facility we are. You have to go to our working animation departments to study that. We're the depository mainly of the printed record of the company.
Hurd: I suppose you get a lot of funny calls.
Smith: Yes, and also amusing correspondence. People are coming up with trivia questions all the time. Today at lunch hour we had a call from New York City and a man said, "We're having a contest here among ourselves and need to know the name of the rooster that was on the Disney TV show last night." It was Panchito from The Three Caballeros. And recently we've been answering a lot of questions on Mickey Mouse's birthday. A lot of different dates have been published in reference books, but a while ago when our 50th anniversary was coming up, we decided we were going to have to find one date and set it permanently as Mickey's birthday. We found that 'Steamboat Willie' opened at the Colony Theater in New York on November 18, 1928, and so for the past five years all of our books have carried that date. But if you look in a number of other books in various libraries, you're going to see September dates, etc. A library in Reno, Nevada was planning a big celebration for Mickey's birthday to be held on September 19, the date they'd found in reference books. They called us and I gave them all the facts over the telephone.
Hurd: I'd like to invite CARTOONIST PROfiles readers to write in questions which, if you're willing, you might answer in the magazine.
Smith: That would be fine. We get questions all the time and that's part of our job — answering calls and letters on our history.

●

Here are a couple of questions which were recently asked of David Smith by Mark Mayerson of Waterloo, Iowa.

What will the forthcoming book by veteran Disney animators, Frank Thomas and Ollie Johnston, cover and when will it be published?
I have another question which revolves around cut sequences from the animated features: I know 'Snow White' originally included the Dwarfs eating soup and then building a bed for Snow White. Are there other sequences in other films that were animated and then discarded? When you love the animated features like I do, it is always tantalizing to think that more footage of your favorite characters might exist.
MARK MAYERSON

And here is Archivist Smith's reply:

Frank Thomas and Ollie Johnston are deep in the research and writing of their book on the techniques and styles of Disney animation. They are hoping to have the text completed sometime in 1979 but it is still too early to speculate on a publication date. The book should have many illustrations and enough history and anecdotes to appeal to the animation buff as well as the animator.

Sequences are frequently cut from Disney features during production, but almost never have they gone as far as the soup eating and bed building sequences from SNOW WHITE. The changes are usually made during the story phase, before actual animation is done. Such changes are taking place in THE FOX AND THE HOUND right now. You are probably aware of the "Clair de Lune" sequence that was originally prepared for FANTASIA but instead released, with different music, as the "Blue Bayou" sequence of MAKE MINE MUSIC. There was also a short, to be called PLIGHT OF THE BUMBLE BEE, that went a long way into production before it was shelved.
David R. Smith

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THE MILTON CANIFF RESEARCH ROOM

For further information, contact Lucy S. Caswell, Curator
The Milton Caniff Research Room
The Ohio State University
242 West 18th Avenue, Room 147
Columbus, Ohio 43210
Telephone 614-422-8747

The Milton Caniff Research Room, a unit of The Ohio State University Libraries, houses multi-media collections representative of the mass media in twentieth century America. Its purpose is to preserve and organize these special materials and make them available for research and teaching.

This facility was begun in 1973 with the gift of a large collection from the noted cartoonist, Milton Caniff, a 1930 graduate of The Ohio State University. The Caniff Collection includes original comic strips and cartoons by Caniff as well as several other artists, proof and tear sheets, photographs, films, phonodiscs, books, research materials, original paintings, memorabilia, a wide assortment of correspondence and his National Cartoonists Society papers.

In 1975 illustrator and writer Jon Whitcomb, a 1928 graduate of The Ohio State University, donated a collection of his paintings, books, photographic negatives, tape recordings, magazine illustrations and tear sheets, correspondence and papers concerning his books and articles to the Research Room.

Toni Mendez, Milton Caniff's literary agent for many years, presented her papers relating to Milton Caniff to the Research Room in 1978. Brian Basset, former prize-winning editorial cartoonist for OSU's student newspaper, *The Lantern*, donated his original *Lantern* drawings plus those done during an internship with the Detroit *Free Press*. The Philip Sills Collection of over one hundred thousand motion picture posters and stills dating from 1939 to 1964 was transferred from the College of the Arts to the Research Room in 1978.

The Milton Caniff Research Room offers resources for researchers in journalism, art, history, business, cinema and other disciplines. Besides providing optimum conditions for storage of materials to insure their availability in decades to come, the room is well organized for convenient access by artists and scholars. Persons interested in using the materials of the Caniff Research Room are welcome to contact a staff member for information and assistance.

4 Feb. 1979

Jud=

As you will note from the enclosed, the Caniff Research Room at Ohio State will be dedicated on May 19. I don't ask the University to invite all my cartoonist friends to this affair, but I would like the troops to know they are welcome, if they are in the area on that day.

Best. Milton

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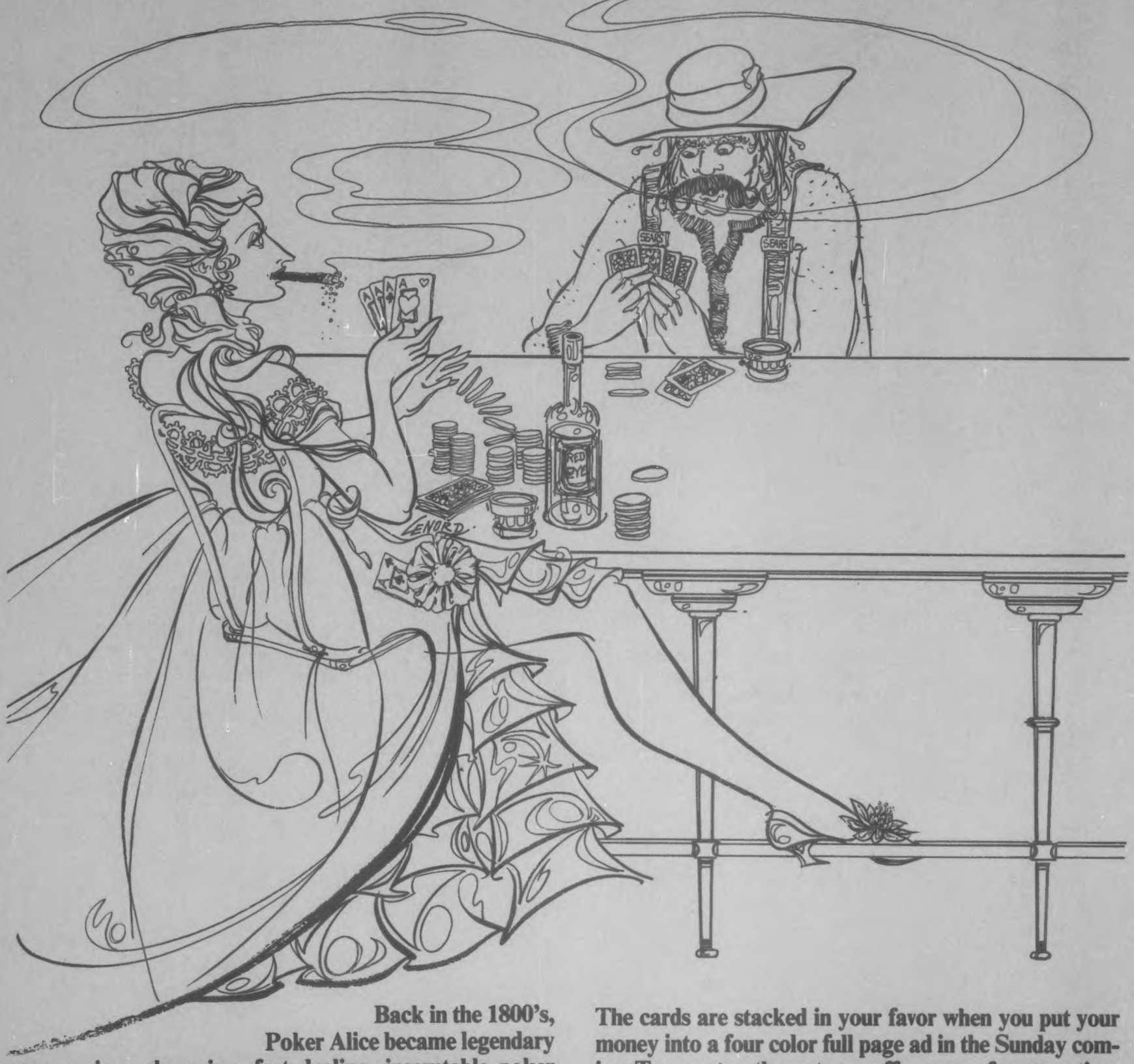

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